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COLLIER'S

WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

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THE HEAD OF A VAST MULTITUDE IN PROCESSION ENTERING THE CAPITOL TO VIEW THE BODY AS IT LAY IN STATE

LAST HONORS TO EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON AT INDIANAPOLIS

(SEE PAGE 9)

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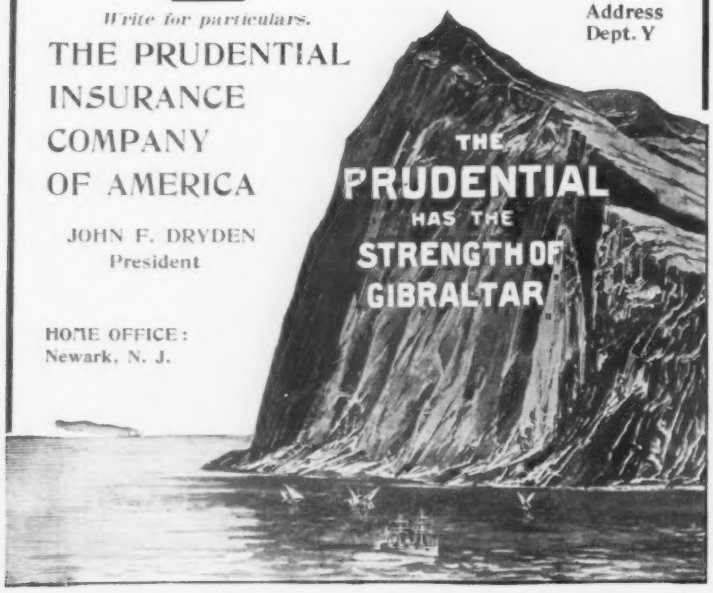

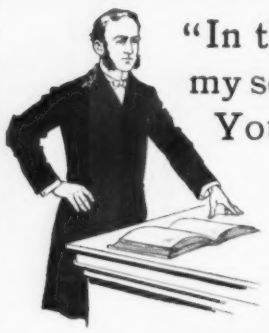

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The WEEK

DEATH HAS REMOVED ANOTHER GREAT FIGURE from American public life. Benjamin Harrison, soldier and statesman, commanded the respect and confidence of his countrymen, although he was unable to arouse in them that passionate love and devotion which gave Henry Clay such a supreme hold over his followers, which made Blaine the idol of the masses, or caused Gladstone to be held in almost idolatrous veneration by the men who believed in him. Although the most affectionate of husbands and fathers, in his intercourse with the public Mr. Harrison, especially after his election to the Presidency, cultivated an austerity of manner which created the impression that he was cold, unfeeling and selfish. As a matter of fact, his natural impulses were kind and generous, but the public had created their own picture of the man; they could not be made to believe that he had anything in common with the masses, and it was the fashion to sneer at his iciness, just as in the same way John Sherman, one of the most lovable and considerate of men, was always represented as incapable of feeling an emotion. But, despite General Harrison's unapproachableness, the country held him in esteem and his administration of the greatest office in the gift of the American people won for him their regard. Weighed in the light of recent events, his Administration was not extraordinary; but on more than one occasion he was confronted with an embarrassing situation which he met with dignity and ability. He was safe rather than showy, conservative rather than brilliant. It was these sober qualities of mind which gave the country a feeling of security that his course would be marked by firmness, courage and wisdom. This confidence was not misplaced.

IF THE NEWSPAPERS ARE TO BE RELIED UPON, President Schwab, formerly of the Carnegie Iron Works and the new head of the allied iron and steel interests, is to receive a yearly salary of one million dollars. Probably the amount is a gross exaggeration, but it does not destroy the moral. Still under forty, Mr. Schwab is the directing head of the greatest combination of capital the world has ever known, a position won solely by his own ability and industry. He commenced life with nothing; neither favoritism nor family helped him upward. He attracted the attention of Mr. Carnegie because he was capable, because he was honest, because he was industrious. We are constantly told that the trusts and the combinations, of capital deprive the young and ambitious man of all incentive to hard work. Never was a statement more false. Never was the incentive greater than it is to-day. These great aggregations of capital require the greatest ability, and the larger the enterprise the larger the remuneration. Fifty years ago how many men were earning salaries of ten thousand dollars a year—what would have been said of men drawing salaries of twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars? To-day the ten-thousand-dollar man is so common as to call for no comment, while the higher salaries are not so rare as to make their possessors stand in a class by themselves. The Republic still has opportunites for the man of brains.

C. M. SCHWAB

AMERICANS AND FOREIGNERS ARRIVING FROM Europe during the past few weeks have heaped maledictions upon the head of the Secretary of the Treasury, and, unless our customs regulations are modified as the season advances and the great liners come into port with every berth occupied, the government will probably have to station a company of regulars at the docks to prevent the justly indignant American citizen, who tells himself that he is "sovereign" and believes he is free and independent, from lynching a few customs inspectors for the discouragement of the others. The theory of the government in dealing with an American citizen who has spent a few months abroad is that he is always a perjurer and frequently a smuggler, and in the anxiety to vindicate its judgment of the national character the government offers indignities to its citizens which would not be tamely tolerated in Russia, and in England would overturn a Ministry. After having made the returning citizen swear that he has no dutiable goods concealed in his belongings, the government calmly regards the oath as of no value and proceeds to minutely examine trunks and valises, turning out on the floor of a filthy dock with equal brutality lingerie and dresses, the ribbons of a girl or the chest-protector of an old man. To still further discourage the American from leaving his own country, or to induce him never to return once he has sailed away—and we are not quite sure which is the desired object—the Treasury Department recently put into force regulations still more obnoxious and unnecessary, the sole excuse being that they are designed to prevent smuggling. The cry of smuggling ever on the lips of government officials is too childish to deceive any sensible person. The ordinary "smuggling" done by the average returning American is too trivial to be worthy the serious attention of a great government; the professional smuggler is too clever to put his diamonds or his laces where a clumsy inspector will be sure to find them. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Spaulding, in charge of customs matters, has an excellent opportunity to repress some of the misguided zeal of local inspectors and to modify the regulations put in force by Mr. Silas C. Croft, Surveyor of Customs at the Port of New York. An American who has been so unfortunate to return from Europe is entitled to a little more consideration than the average tramp receives in the dock of a police court.

GEN. O. L. SPAULDING

SILAS C. CROFT

ENGLAND'S REJECTION OF THE HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty as amended by the Senate was expected and has not caused a ripple of excitement in official circles. In amending the treaty the Senate forced the British Government, having regard for its own dignity and self-respect, to decline to accept the convention, and left Lord Lansdowne, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, no alternative except to refuse to modify the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which both governments recognize as of binding validity. Fortunately, Congress is not in session to complicate international relations, and Mr. Hay and Lord Lansdowne are expected to arrive at a satisfactory solution before Congress again meets. The negotiations will be carried on in Washington, and will be conducted by Lord Pauncefote on behalf of the British Government, an Ambassador who has on more than one occasion shown his friendship and admiration for the people among whom he has lived for so many years. To successfully fill the rôle of British Ambassador to the United States requires qualities not usually possessed. He must be master of infinite tact, he must be democratic and yet dignified, he must have a complete understanding not only of the spirit of the government to which he is accredited but the people among whom he lives; in a word, he must comprehend democracy, which is a thing the foreigner rarely does. Lord Pauncefote is the rare exception. His tact, his ability and his high character are shown from the fact that he has enjoyed the personal as well as the official friendship of Secretaries of State so temperamentally different as Blaine, Bayard, Gresham, Olney and Hay. Lord Pauncefote understands the determination of the United States to construct an isthmian canal and realizes that no obstacle can be permitted to stand in its way once the course of action has been determined upon. The British Government having already shown its desire to amend the Clayton-Bulwer treaty so as to give the government of the United States a free hand in the building of the canal, an evidence of friendliness which the Senate, with its usual suspicion of English motives, declined to accept in the spirit of generosity, we may hope that Mr. Hay may again be able to induce Lord Pauncefote to recommend to his government a treaty embracing the amendments proposed by the Senate. If this is done it will perhaps be possible for the Senate to ratify the treaty without needlessly arousing English antagonism.

LORD LANSDOWNE

HAVE WE BECOME A NATION OF GAMBLERS AND are fashionable women setting a bad example by their devotion to games of chance? The Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington of Grace Church, this city, uttered some very pointed remarks on the subject in a sermon recently delivered before the New England Society, contrasting the Puritan conscience with that of its descendants. Of course, the women of the New England Society deny that they gamble, because gambling is an unpleasant word and suggests everything that is disreputable, but the fact remains that card playing both for money and prizes has become almost a serious occupation with many women, who play at their clubs and at each other's houses with as much regularity as do the most hardened male card sharps. The "euchre matinées" of a few years ago, when the prizes were of trifling value and the amount of a player's losses was strictly limited to her assessment for the purchase of the prizes, has given place to bridge whist, on which money is always staked, in many instances the amount so large that it is no extravagance of terms to call it gambling. Women who are fond of cards, and who deny that they gamble or play for money, admit that unless prizes are offered little interest is shown, and that when funds are to be raised for charitable or other purposes by playing games of cards prizes must be offered as an inducement, and the more valuable the prizes the greater the number of contestants, which is only another way of saying that we all love to take a ticket in the lottery and run the chance of drawing a big prize for a small investment. Readers of Thackeray will recall the pictures he paints of gambling among English women in high society, and the picture is not a pretty one. We like to think that we have become more moral and more refined than our ancestors, and undoubtedly the world has made substantial progress; but if women play cards for money in their boudoirs, and spend their mornings and afternoons at their clubs over the card-table, we may wonder if American society at the beginning of the twentieth century is not in danger of becoming as indifferent to its higher obligations as was English society in the day of the "First Gentleman of Europe." There is nothing more destructive to morals than gambling, nothing more alluring to men and women of weak character than the elusive hope of finding the means of paying for one's pleasure in the turn of a card; there is nothing, perhaps, in all the gamut of passion, which has brought more misery to the world than the love for the pieces of painted cardboard which were first used to amuse a mad king.

REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON

RECENTLY THE FIRST DIRECT CABLE BETWEEN the United States and Germany was opened, and the German Emperor showed his appreciation by decorating Mr. George G. Ward, the New York promoter of the enterprise, with the order of the Royal Prussian Crown. To-day the history of the world's progress is written in the language of commerce; the banker is of greater importance than the general, and before the troops can be mobilized the cash must be counted. For years Germany has done her cable business with the United States over British and French lines, until the growing volume of her commerce with this country caused her merchants to demand direct communication which should be in the hands of their own government. In times of peace the cable is one of the most potent factors in civilization; in war, the country that controls ocean telegraph lines has its adversary at a disadvantage. England's policy has been to connect her widely separated empire by a network of ocean cables, and it is only within the last few years that other nations have seen the necessity of owning inter-oceanic lines and making themselves independent of a rival who might become a foe. The linking of the United States with Germany by a thread under the sea is an impressive demonstration of the importance of the commerce between the two countries and the ties which so clearly bind them. The German manufacturer watches his American competitor with keener interest than he does any other, because he knows that in the race for commercial supremacy at the beginning of the twentieth century the United States are alone to be feared. J. P. Morgan, the Bismarck of finance, having welded the antagonizing steel and iron industries of this country into a confederation, is, we are informed, about to negotiate a working arrangement with similar interests in Germany. It is significant of the industrial changes which the closing end of the last century witnessed that one of the great German ironmasters is quoted as saying, "We do not any longer fear the competition of England, but we are afraid of America. It is to prevent destructive competition that we are anxious to reach an understanding with the United States."

GEORGE G. WARD

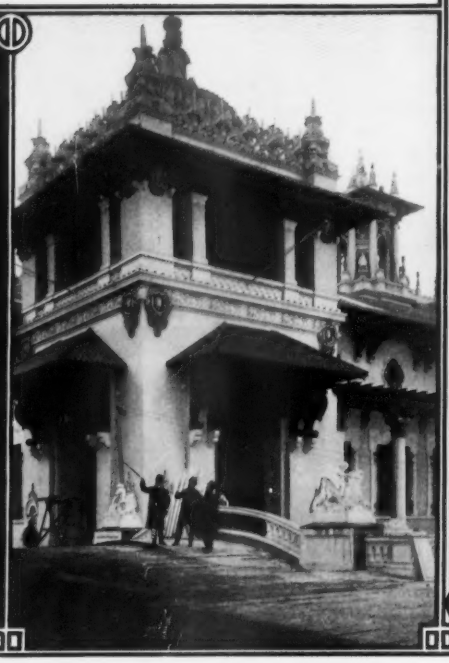
EXPOSITION RESTAURANT AND ENTRANCE TO THE MIDWAY — HALL OF STATUARY

HALL OF MINES — HORTICULTURE — TEMPLE OF MUSIC — MACHINERY HALL

THE ELECTRIC TOWER — HALL OF MANUFACTURES — ETHNOLOGICAL BUILDING

FACADE OF THE HALL OF STATUARY

STANDARD BEARER FOR MONUMENTAL BRIDGE



A CORNER OF THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING

THE BUILDINGS OF THE BUFFALO PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE, TAKEN BY COURTESY OF CHARLES D. ARNOLD, OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

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BUFFALO'S BIG FAIR AS IT IS TO-DAY

THE HUMAN SIDE OF AN EXPENDITURE OF TEN MILLION DOLLARS AND THE ACHIEVEMENT OF FOUR THOUSAND WORKMEN, WHO ARE PREPARING BUFFALO'S GREAT SPECTACLE OF ALL OF THE AMERICAS FOR MAY-DAY OPENING

By GILSON WILLETS, Special Correspondent at Buffalo

"PRE-EXPOSITION DAYS"

IN THESE pre-Exposition days, as the Buffalonians call the present time, the nose reaches the great All-American fair grounds long before the eye. The big show is inclosed, ball-ground fashion, by a mile-long-half-mile-wide board fence, and minutes ahead of our first sight of that fence the trolley-car shot us into the odor of freshly cut hemlock. It was not only the fence we scented, but the twenty-odd millions of feet of lumber forming the hundred and more buildings within it. A patent fire-extinguisher, a "No Smoking" sign, and a college-student policeman confronted us at the West Amherst Gate. "What! can't smoke anywhere inside?"

"Hardly!" and the college policeman from his hip pocket whipped a club as long as a baseball bat and flashed it toward a mountain range of shavings and board-ends.

All the paths and courts, the Mall and Plaza, even the Bowery of the Midway, were sloughs of mud, with islands of trampled, blackened ice and snow. Joy was not written in the faces of men who came without rubbers, or of women in long skirts. Within the next few weeks, however, landscape artists will turn the muddy paths into highways of pleasure, the miry wastes will be metamorphosed into velvet lawns, ice mounds will become terraces all flanked with trees and shrubbery and set with flower-beds, while the huge empty basins and canals and frozen lagoons of to-day will then flow with crystal water.

COMMONER W. J. BRYAN ON COLOR EFFECTS

All the buildings were swathed in scaffolding. They were many beauties, veiled. Painted beauties they will prove, for upon the scaffolding of each building were a score of workmen—beauty doctors they might be called—with brushes and pots, applying colors. I quashed through the mud and snow to the Esplanade, where there is room for 125,000 couples to waltz. On a pile of hemlock débris stood Commoner W. J. Bryan. "This color scheme," said he, describing circles in the air with his umbrella, "is about perfect. Not a single hue comes out and hits you in the eye—the whole thing is toned down and blended like the shades in a real old Persian rug."

Over in the Court of Fountains, in the shadow of the Electrical Tower, a crowd was watching workmen remove the scaffolding which had so long imprisoned the Tower, brilliant bird of plumage, as in a cage. Its ivory-white body, green panels and gold-capped columns were now revealed. En route for the Tower's top, hoisted by a rope, was a wheelbarrow laden with plaster. When near the end of its altitudinous journey, four hundred feet above our heads, the plaster slipped from the barrow, dropped in a cloud earthward, and the crowd scattered—all save a young man who dexterously caught one of the descending white lumps in his hand. "He's the champion catcher of the 'Frisco baseball nine," said some one in an awed whisper.

AN ARMY OF WORKMEN

Four thousand workmen—builders, painters, carpenters, electricians, artisans (like scene painters, shifters and property men)—were busily preparing the setting of this great Pan-American spectacle. All over the two largest buildings—Machinery and Manufactures, each containing more floor space than any two armories in the country, on every tier of the scaffolding, up and down ladders, on the roof—the toilers swarmed as slaves must have swarmed over a Pyramid in the days when Pharaohs ordered such things built in a hurry. From the Esplanade in every direction the eye gleaned the same degree of activity. Hammers produced pandemonium, as in a battle. Sometimes the carpenters hit nails in battalions, and the sound was like a volley of musketry. Loads of lumber were allowed to slide from wagons to the ground with a crash, like cannons to the left and to the right. Numberless active saws rasped, hissed and screeched. In the midst of the bedlam could be heard the tinkling of nails dropped by workmen—and there were oaths a few and guffaws many, and the shouted orders of bosses of gangs.

Suddenly a whistle shrieked, and as by magic there was a universal cessation of hostilities. A truce of an hour had been declared. From the buildings poured a host which separated into groups, gathering on the gondola landing-stages bordering the dry Venice of America, in the Court of the Lilies, or the several band-stands, and to the leeward of buildings, there to consume chunks of bread and meat and pints of coffee. The common healthfulness of appetite caused vast silence.

ONE-FEATHER JOHNSON AND HIS SANDWICH

Only one man worked through the noon hour, an Iroquois Indian in civilized clothing at the Six Nations Stockade. A moment, as if in profound meditation, he surveyed the white men lolling around the Fisheries Building, then grunted and resumed building his wigwam. He was the only Indian on the grounds, though a hundred or more should have arrived the night before. His tribal name was One Feather, his paleface name Mr. Eugene Johnson, and he spoke English as good as his neighbors in the Fisheries Building. He had not provided himself with a dinner-pail, but, despite the dearth of food, a hereditary temperament enabled him to work on stoically. Just then a workman from the Fisheries came over to Mr. One Feather Johnson, offered him a sandwich four inches thick, and together they leaned against the stockade and feasted.

I walked dry-shod across the Grand Canal, which will eventually surround the group of main buildings, to the corner set apart for State pavilions. Only Ohio, Kansas, Tennessee, Wisconsin, and West Virginia have put up pavilions of their own. The New York State Building, celebrated as the only real marble and only permanent structure on the grounds, costing $150,000, is off in another corner in all the loneliness of its dignity. Only the two smallest of our sister republics in Central and South America have erected individual pavilions—Honduras and Ecuador. The republics will confine their zeal chiefly to exhibits and arguments that will exert a drawing power upon American capital. Round about the Ecuador and Honduras preserves the Spanish language could be heard, as also in Cuba's ambitious building, a pavilion as large as that put up by New England. Whoso speaks Spanish, in fact, will find opportunity for the exercise of that tongue for months to come in Buffalo.

IN THE REGION OF PETTICOATS

Between Ecuador and New England is the region of petticoats. Here is the pavilion of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union. From within came evidence of discord. I intruded. They were all seated on carpenter's horses, and all wore bicycle skirts. "She can't," said one. "She ought to," another. Katy did! Katy didn't! They were discussing Mrs. Nation, who had offered to address the Woman's Union, and only the two delegates from Kansas were talking affirmatively. The Kansas ladies left presently, and half an hour later I stumbled upon them in the Prehistoric Indian Mound, still gesticulating excitedly. The Prehistoric Indian Mound at the time resembled a modern horse shed.

The little row over Mrs. Nation, however, must be taken simply as an incident, and not at all as an illustration of the part womankind is to play at the Exposition. The Woman's Union is to be, in fact, a serious and dignified institution where woman will lay bare her progress in education and industry. Jellies, preserves, pies and that sort of thing will be relegated to a secondary place, and the exhibits in this building will be such as will prove to man that this country has shaken itself free of superstition, prejudice and false principles where women are concerned. Of course, such an undertaking cannot remain entirely independent of the aggressive type portrayed by novelist Grant in "Unleavened Bread," whose talk is characterized by glittering generalizations. Said one of these women, over in the Woman's Administration Building: "Yes, sir-ee—we intend to show America that woman has taken her proper place as an economic factor in modern civilization."

WHERE WOMEN WILL DISAGREE

The Woman's Administration Building is distinct from the Union, and stands, quite properly, in the centre of the Rose Gardens, in the very midst of the Horticulture Exhibit. All the visiting women's clubs will meet here, as the building contains an auditorium where twelve hundred can be seated. On the day of my tour of inspection the Board of Women Managers were having a jolly time amid the shavings and the sawdust and the clouds of plaster-dust in this pavilion. "You see," said one of the several vice-chairmen, "our work is not confined to any one building in particular. We have scattered our brains and our skill and our tastes all over the Exposition, side by side, and in competition with, you men. And what's more, in every department where woman's abilities are pronounced, our advice and aid have been asked."

Next day, Sunday, the weather man supplied samples of rain, hail, sleet, snow and sunshine. Yet through the intermittent storm, that raged all day, pushed a thousand valiant pilgrims, each paying a quarter to see what an Exposition in its preparatory stage looked like. Many brought cameras, and for each of these paid another quarter entrance fee, unless they carried something larger than a 4 x 5, in which case they had to leave the instrument at the gate. The official photographer has paid hard cash for his concession, and he means to remain in jealous mood throughout the next six months, tolerating no rivals, either amateur or professional. One young woman hid a folding camera in the pocket of her ulster, and succeeded in smuggling it through the gate. She had splashed through the rain-pools as far as the Temple of Music, when the sun appeared for one of its five-minute visits, and the maiden drew forth her camera. Instantly up stepped a young man in a sealskin cap. "Pardon me, miss, have you a permit?" He was one of the sleuths employed by the jealous official photographer.

"No, I have not," snapped the maiden.

"The charge is a quarter, miss. You may pay me, and I'll tie a permit to your camera."

"Oh, no, thank you. I can't take pictures in this weather, anyway. Besides, these buildings are all wrapped in lumber, and there is nothing worth taking."

"But you can't go about with that camera on these grounds, miss."

"Oh, I won't use it, you may take my word."

"Sorry, miss, but you will have to go back to the gate and leave the instrument."

"What an impolite person you are! I believe you are a spy." She began to cry, but the merciless sleuth dogged her steps as if she were a prisoner, back to the gate, where she left the grounds in pouting disgust, vowing that she would tell everybody that the Exposition was an imposition.

MAKING GODS AND GODDESSES ON SUNDAY

The only men who broke that Sabbath, by toiling, were the artisans who turn out the heroic-sized gods and goddesses and mammoth animals for the sculpture display. These artisans, Italians, are among the few foreign workmen who have had to do with the Exposition. Machinery Hall was their temporary workshop. From molds made from the sculptors' models, they that day brought forth sections of a Neptune, a Hercules or two, Miss Justice, and a Centaur. The floor of the main hall was seemingly to be the scene of a tennis tournament, or a football game; the black lines with which it was gridironed, however, simply indicated the aisles and boundaries of the machinery exhibits to come. Here, as elsewhere, exhibitors who had asked for two thousand feet were granted only three hundred. If only Buffalo could have known of the success of her undertaking, she would have spread her Exposition over four times the present area. In the Main Hall just referred to were stored the groups of statuary which later will make the grounds a feast for the eye. Here were all the heroes and heroines of mythology, in silent assemblage. Here was a little zoo of mastodon lions, horses, wolves, and buffaloes. Here was an aviary of spread eagles and colossal swans.

Karl Bitter, Director of Sculpture, himself the creator of one of the finest groups of statuary, was that day making a tour of inspection. Like the workmen who put the figures together, he was coated with plaster dust. Among the figures of Friendship, Love, Sympathy and Peace, he happened to stand a moment, immovable. "Behold!" cried Carrere, chairman of architects, "the exhibit now includes the figure of Criticism."

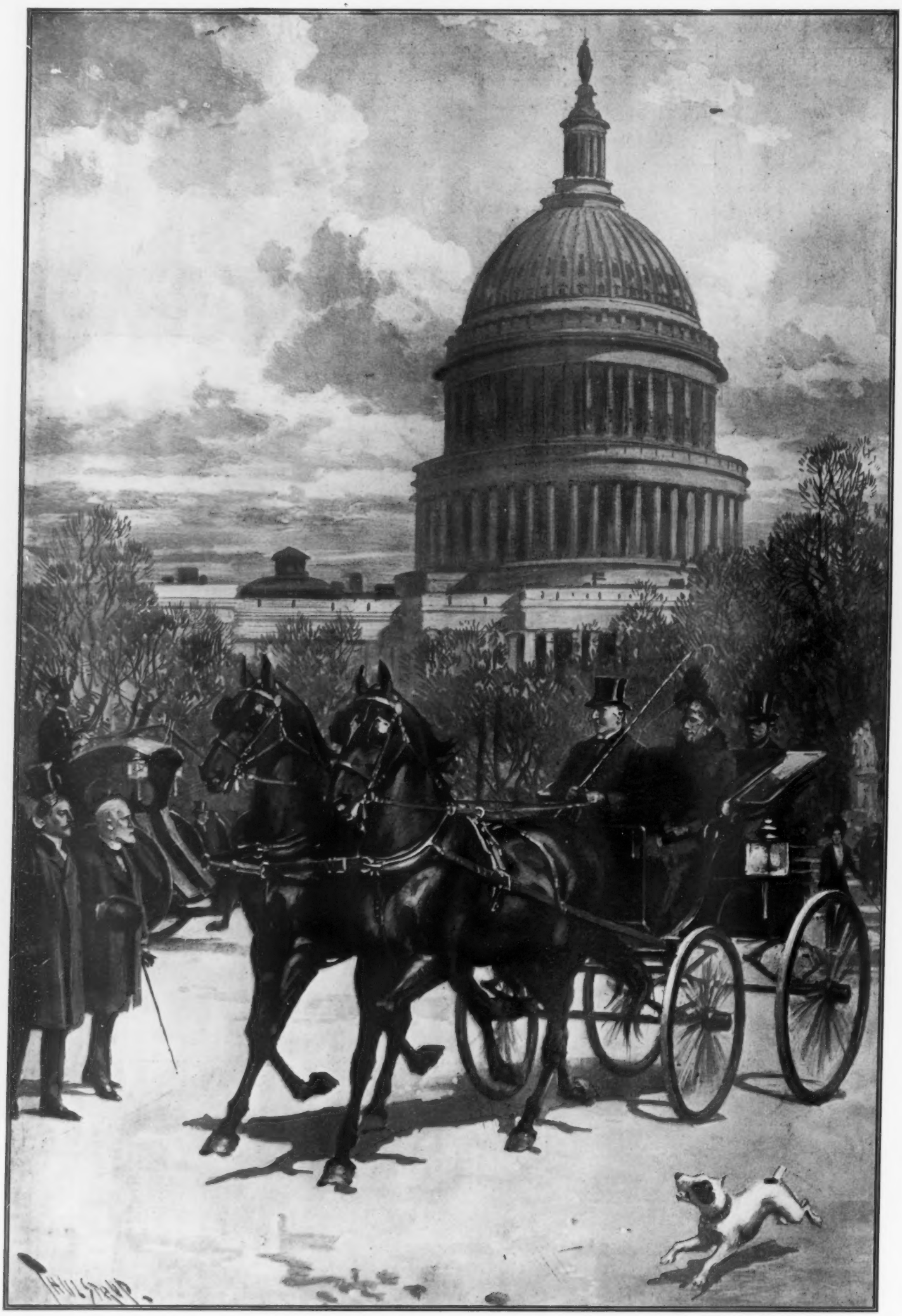
DIANA AND THE MIDWAY

The strength of a dozen men was required to load a single Diana on a truck. Two horses hauled her over to her pedestal in the Esplanade, where, in magnificent undress, she was left to the mercy of icy winds. A tall man wearing a sombrero exclaimed, "Gosh all hemlock!"—leaving room for his auditors to believe that his remark referred to all surrounding lumber. The tall man was from Colonel Cody's Big Horn Ranch, and had acquired local fame by calling Buffalo the City of Bison, and by always speaking of the Bison Exposition.

The management has placed its Midway, as it were, at the head of the bill, as if to say, "We will instruct you later, but we will amuse you first." It flanks the main entrance and fills the entire northwestern corner. At this stage of the preparation, it is the dreariest section of the grounds. The Upside-Down-House has only a roof; the "Beautiful Orient" is merely a promise of the Little Egypts who are to arrive; the "Trip to the Moon" has a mighty altitude yet to reach; the "Scenic Railway" is such in name only; and the Infant Incubator Pavilion, built of real brick to ensure an even temperature, lacks the human element.

NO QUADRUPEDAL, BUT SOME WONDERFUL TWO-LEGGED ANIMALS

Over at the Animal Show Pavilion, the animal man himself, in a combination cap and coat, paced about in futile impatience, like one of his own equine specimens, because of nothing else to do. For all the exhibitors and showmen, indeed, this was the period of waiting, and, therefore, of ennui. The railroad



PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY TAKING A DRIVE IN WASHINGTON

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

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PRESIDENT M'KINLEY — JOHN HAY SECRETARY OF STATE — ELIHU ROOT SECRETARY OF WAR — CHARLES EMORY SMITH POSTMASTER-GENERAL

THE LATEST AND BEST PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET IN EXECUTIVE SESSION AT WASHINGTON DURING THE LAST DAYS OF THE FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS

had failed to keep its contract and produce the animal man's animals on Saturday night. The manager of the Philippine Village was likewise disappointed—his Filipinos had not arrived on time. Nor had the African Village Chief received his Ethiopians, nor the Eskimo boss his fur-clad brothers—and the language of all the concessionaires, that Sabbath morning, could not be found in any ritual.

Outside the grounds, opposite the Midway entrance, an old roadhouse has been turned into "The Half Dime Restaurant." Here the Midway Concessionaires dine, and here I broke bread with an assemblage as cosmopolitan in make-up as the Exposition may ever offer. At the head of a long table sat the wife of the chief of the Hawaiian Village, with an amplitude of person equal to that of Liliuokalani herself. On her right sat a man who wore a flannel shirt, diamond-studded--the manager of the Colorado Gold Mine Exhibit. On her left was the lessee of Alt Nuremberg, rotund, jolly, all German. Down the table sat the Mayor, so called, of the Streets of Mexico. There was the chief of the Latin-American Press Section, gathering copy with eye and ear. There were two herders from the Stock-Yard Exhibit, while a Mohawk Indian sat between the chairman of the Graphic Arts Committee and the little Japanese gentlemen who will open the tea-house; and others.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ESCORT OF THE HAWAIIAN LADY

The Alt Nuremberg man invited everybody to drown their worry over the non-arrival of exhibits, in a stein; the Mexican threw his sombrero over the silver-plated castor with its vinegar and oil bottles, like an ornithologist capturing a butterfly; the Hawaiian lady went to the telephone and called a cab; the Johnstown Flood Panorama man began quarrelling with the "Colonel" in charge of the Old Plantation, as to who among them should show the dusky lady to her carriage; the animal man came in leading a trained bear, a cub, which sat up on its hind-legs, begged for food, and got it. Just then the Hawaiian lady's cab arrived—and to settle the dispute as to who should act as her cavalier, the assembled guests, as a body, bear included, filed out of the Half Dime Restaurant and helped the beauty of ample proportions into her chariot. Then the Congress of Nations, wiping its mouth on its coat-sleeve, made a rush for the Midway, the Half Dime Restaurant waiter in its wake, shouting that it had forgotten to pay the bill.

At night the natives carry you off to the Buffalo Club. If there is any member of the Buffalo Club who is not an officer or Committeeman of the Exposition, he could not be found on a certain Sunday night in March. The Chairman of Finance dropped his billiard cue to tell how the total cost of preparing the Exposition buildings and grounds, including the Midway, was about $10,000,000; the Chairman of Architects stopped bowling and wanted to explain at length how a compliment had been paid to Latin America by a free adaptation of Spanish Renaissance; the Chief of Electrical Effects came puffing out of the swimming tank to announce that nature would supply a power for the Electrical Tower lights equal to 5,000 horses, by the way of Niagara Falls—thus information zealots of twenty varieties, all burning with Exposition fever, held a victim captive till the last trolley car had passed, until even the last night-hawk cabby had turned in.

THE "EXPOSITION HABIT" HAS FASTENED ON AMERICA

An Exposition is due in this country every other year for the next ten years. Charleston has one on paper, to materialize in 1903; St. Louis has $5,000,000 to her credit in the national treasury, for a show in 1905; Seattle, Los Angeles and Kansas City show symptoms of breaking out in 1907-9-11. Buffalo, meantime, presents the Exposition for 1901, to be opened May-Day by President McKinley. Chicago's noble attempt was calamitous, the World's Fair in Paris last summer was ponderous. What shall we write of Buffalo?

In the city itself, the Exposition has inoculated the people. They are more than enthusiastic. They are feverish. It is in the municipal blood. It is contagious. At the Bureau of Publicity, young men are actually delirious. Their conversation wanders from every other subject back to Pan-America. They tease your mind with visions of Cascades, Electric Fountains and Courts of Cypresses, describing each with a stock of superlatives—"phenomenal," "unparalleled," "unprecedented," "transcendent." If the inhabitants of this country have not read all about the All-American Exposition, it is not the fault of that Publicity Department. Here is an exact copy of the introductory words of the Press Bureau's eulogy of the Midway:

"Original in conception, magnificent in materialization, mighty in magnitude, stupendous in proportion, prodigious in size and scope, revelling in glittering splendor, embodying idealistic architectural grandeur, blazing in the golden sunlight by day, aflame with electrical brilliancy by night, this great amusement thoroughfare of the Pan-American Exposition is to dwarf by comparison all previous attempts along similar lines, even as the arc light outshines the tallow dip."

THE PURPOSE OF THE EXPOSITION

But in one tremendous sentence, concocted by an official of the Great Fair, is the real purpose and object of the Exposition set forth:

"Millions of acres of tillable land, in an excellent climate, with every facility except immediate transportation, await those who will seriously look for it in South and Central America; and it was the earnest wish and purpose of those who formulated and planned the Pan-American Exposition that in the open field of the industries of stock raising, agriculture, arboriculture, mining, etc., they might, through the Exposition, do something tangible toward bringing to all a better knowledge than now exists concerning the countries of the Western Hemisphere, and that there might result from the Exposition something of value in the direction of a wider dissemination of that practical knowledge of our surroundings and of our future industrial outlook so much desired by all of us, and so essential to a proper realization on our own part of the problems of trade and of commerce that are in store for us and for our children to solve; that through it the people of the Western Hemisphere might more clearly appreciate than they now do the enormous resources of that hemisphere and the possibilities it contains for the building up of an enormous industrial empire, containing, as it does, the most fertile agricultural lands of the world toward both extremities of the hemisphere, with minerals and forests adjacent in either section, with great navigable waterways in both North and South America, and with a central zone capable of producing to an unlimited degree all the tropical and sub-tropical products known to or used by man." Gracious!

A MERRY WAR OVER SUNDAY OPENING

The only point connected with the Exposition upon which Buffalo is not of unanimous mind is that of Sunday opening. The Aldermen have voted to open, the ministers to close, and there's a merry war of words in pulpit and rostrum. Said a newspaper proprietor: "I'm glad we did not get that extra half million dollar loan from Congress—it would have carried with it a Sunday closing clause, and we mean to give our working people an opportunity to spend their only day of leisure at the big show."

At the Free Bureau of Information is a sort of curiosity shop. Here are fifty odd thousand unopened letters, all presumably from applicants for lodgings and board. This free bureau, after putting nearly all the pay stations out of business, discovered that it could not undertake to answer inquiries by mail, and now advertises that if patrons will call, personally, when they reach Buffalo, accommodations will be assigned.

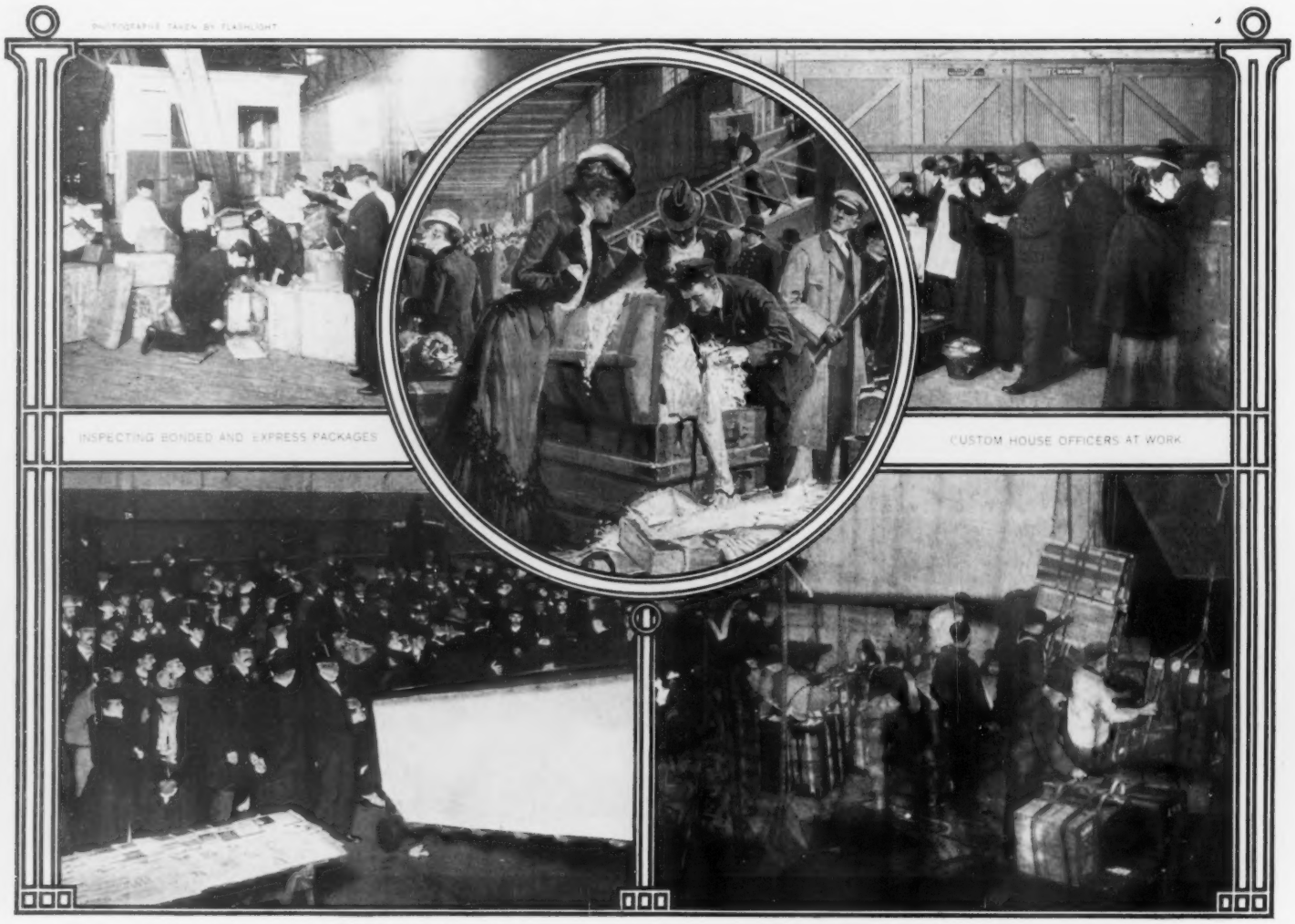
Twenty million visitors are expected during the period of the Exposition, a fifty per cent deduction, as there are forty million people within one night's ride of Buffalo—with Niagara Falls thrown in. The natives are resorting to all kinds of fair means to help the visiting legion spend its money. Tenants, as a result, are suffering from the greed of landlordism. The sidewalk in front of a large apartment house was obstructed with furniture, as if all the tenants had been turned out by fire. "Rent doubled without notice," was the explanation of one of the dispossessed sufferers.

Nevertheless, every good soul, throughout the city, from the Exposition President and Director-General to the hotel porter who engages to rescue your rubbers from the mud which you have brought from the show-grounds talks about Our Exposition.

BUFFALO IS EXPOSITION MAD

"Here to see Our Exposition?" said the hanger-on at the station. "Fine Exposition, Ours," remarked the telephone girl at the hotel. "Our Exposition beats 'em all," volunteered the elevator boy. Light a cigar, throw the burned match out of the window, and it will surely hit a shareholder. In Buffalo, alone, there is an army of shareholders forty thousand strong, the rank and file holding single shares. Ten dollars bought a share, and when a person could not afford a whole, he joined a club of ten, and bought his tenth. From the Mayor, the bankers and the merchants, to policemen, factory hands and domestic servants, all are financially interested; and hence it is that clubman and motorman, school-teacher and seamstress, fathers and sons, refer alike to Our Exposition. The money for the shares was payable ten per cent at a time, as called for. Every call was met with cash, the last dollar has been collected, and thus Buffalo herself raised $4,000,000 and opens her Exposition comparatively free of debt.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY FLASHLIGHT



INSPECTING BONDED AND EXPRESS PACKAGES

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS AT WORK

PASSENGERS LEAVING THE PIER OF A WHITE STAR LINER

LANDING PASSENGERS' HEAVY BAGGAGE FOR EXAMINATION

THE COMEDY OF CUSTOMS UNDER NEW REGULATIONS

SCENE: Dining Saloon, American line steamship *New York*, steaming slowly up from Quarantine to dock. Time: St. Patrick's Day, long after dinner. A Sphinx-like United States customs officer at table in captain's seat. On his right a nervous passenger, with the kind of face drawn by Cartoonist Opper.

Sphinx Officer: "How many pieces of baggage? Eight? Anything dutiable? Nothing? Sign here, please."

Opper Passenger (rising and tapping table with his knuckles): "I refuse. That document is an oath rendering me liable to the penalties of perjury. To ask people to sign it, since you doubt their sworn statement and mean to examine their luggage anyway, is arbitrary and unconstitutional. I have not read your tariff. If I have anything dutiable you will find it in my trunks. I sign your paper and then you resort to every device to prove me a perjurer? Excuse me."

Sphinx Officer (tossing paper aside, thus tacitly acknowledging that the law does not compel a customs "kicker" to swear and give up his trunk keys besides): "Next, please."

A MINIATURE CITY AT THE PIER

At the dock, meantime, five hundred people were grumbling at the great liner's tardiness. In groups, in the shadowy places around Washington Market, sheltered from the drizzling rain, were the three hundred longshoremen, in blouse and overalls, who would have to work nights to make good the thirty-six hours lost by the steamer at sea. In the asphalted plaza between the dock and the Market was a phalanx of Jehus, mounted on four-wheelers and hansoms, lying in wait for almighty dollars. On the pier stood the modern dead-cart, an undertaker's wagon, awaiting its sinister freight, the ashes of a brother of the owner of a New York daily newspaper. In the barnlike waiting-room, upstairs, were a hundred assorted individuals—company officials, reporters, telegraph operators, messenger boys, policemen and Customs inspectors; also a restless hundred odd friends and relations of the incoming passengers. All had been waiting since eight o'clock. At 9.30 came word from Quarantine that the *New York* had broken her port shaft at sea; that a gas explosion had killed two stewards, and that escaping ammonia fumes from the ice-making plant had laid low a lot of sailors and immigrants. And the hundred expectant friends and kinsmen worried, and walked about some more, or pressed noses against the pier-head windows, peering downstream. At 10.30 the anxious eyes at the window panes were rewarded. Tugs were shoving the floating hotel into her berth.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE INQUISITION

Ropes were stretched the entire length of the long pier. There was one breach, but here two blue-coated officials blocked the way. Fathers and mothers crowded around these bluecoats, demanding, pleading, in vain. Pretty girls smiled bewitchingly, as if thus to pay their way in. Down the line wives wept, because husbands had time to say but one word, before running back to their baggage. Children cried because papa or auntie seemed to be prisoners. Said the wife of a theatrical manager: "This is an attempt to pervert human nature. People meeting after a long separation, especially those who love, are tremendously emotional. With them, the desire to exchange greetings becomes a mania, their only thought, and at such a time they possess no such virtue as patience. One might think we were on the Siberian border, and this the pen for suspects."

Love will find the way, but in the case of one engaged couple that night the rule worked slowly. They went hunting each other up and down the ropes, he in the pen, she on the visitors' side, where mountains of hides, by the way, filled the air with their offensive odor. Every time she reached the upper end he was at the lower, and, unlike the ships that pass in the night, they failed to speak each other midway. After an hour of man-hunting, the maiden was in tears and about to go home, thinking he had not arrived. Then they met, chafing against the rope like birds against the bars of a cage, when one is inside and the other free.

Similar little dramas had been enacted earlier in the evening when the French liner, *L'Aquitaine*, landed her passengers. The night before, too, the Comedy of Customs was played when the *Campania* came in with two hundred and more in her cabin. On both ships the travellers came ashore, radiant with anticipated meetings, smiling, eager, only to find the nefarious, exasperating barrier. On the Cunard and French piers, moreover, the ropes were stretched across the end, instead of longitudinally as at the American dock, so that the *Campania* and *L'Aquitaine* people were in even a worse plight than the *New York's*.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT

Two little forlorn orphan boys had come from England on the *Campania*, to accept the offer of a home with an uncle. Uncle was there, so was the barrier. Besides, he had never seen his nephews, nor did the boys know what their uncle looked like. He was at the street end of the pier, while the boys were waiting to be claimed at the gangplank near the water end. An hour they waited, then began wailing their woe. The chief steward took them back aboard the ship to keep them over night. Not until the very last mite of a bag had left the pier was the uncle allowed within the rope. Once aboard the ship, he found the waifs, and then that shepherd and his little flock left the wharf wondering why Uncle Sam had made their recent despair possible.

Besides the barrier, the passengers of each steamer had to contend with the life strenuous, trying to extricate their luggage from official red tape. Minions of the Customs put them all through the inquisitorial process, subjecting women to florid embarrassment, driving men to lurid profanity. The first voyager to step over the gangplank from the *New York* was also the first to leave the dock—with his baggage. This was Secretary of State Hay's son, Consul to Pretoria, home for the Easter holidays. The inspectors scribbled their ciphers on his nine pieces of luggage without key or question.

CUSTOM HOUSE RIFLERS

As if to punish all the other passengers for their leniency with Hay, the inspectors that night ransacked the contents of every last trunk, bag, roll and box. Burglars never rifled bureau drawers and closets with such completeness, nor wrought such havoc, nor left such chaos in their wake. The theatrical manager's wife found her finery scattered, as by a whirlwind, all over section L, every tiny package, even to a bonboniere, opened. It took her maid half an hour to repack. "Paul Prys!" muttered the servant. "They're too fresh." A look up or down the sections, from A to Z, convinced one that gone were the days when a five-dollar bill would put a whole family's luggage through, unopened. Every camera was pried open, to make sure it was made in America. One unfortunate from the *Campania*, who brought in a bicycle, had to tear off all the wrappings to show the make.

Not for a moment did the inspectors forget their orders to follow the "hundred-dollar clause" as passed by Congress. Not a dollar's worth over that amount passed untaxed. The man who brought gloves, or veils, or presents of any kind for his wife was marched up to the collector's office and made to pay, pay, pay, sixty per cent. Value named by the payee was in some cases laughed to scorn and the appraisers doubled the figures. By the *Campania* came a lady with a necklace of precious stones, a gift from friends in Italy. She valued it in her declaration at one thousand francs, and produced the bill of purchase as a voucher. "That was dirt cheap," said the appraiser. "It's worth two thousand. Call it four hundred dollars. The duty will be two hundred and forty. Here's a receipt. We'll hold your property, madam, until you send us a check."

WOMEN THE GREATEST SUFFERERS

In the inquisition's clutch, the victims most tortured were women. A milliner and a modiste arriving on the *Campania* brought several trunks bursting with creations of the art of feminine adornment. After an hour of torture, during which every piece in each trunk was mauled by hands none too clean or gentle, after haggling over the righteous amount of duty till both milliner and modiste were discouraged and ready to pay any sum, the trunks of both were finally sent to Public Stores "for further consideration."

By the *Campania* came the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, and her sister, Lady Lister-Kaye. Both ladies immediately started to leave the pier, but were brought to a short stop by an inspector, who had espied a silver chatelaine bag hanging at the Duchess's waist. Before her identity could be made known, she was asked to open the bag. It contained only a lace handkerchief.

THE LAST ACT OF THE COMEDY DRAMA

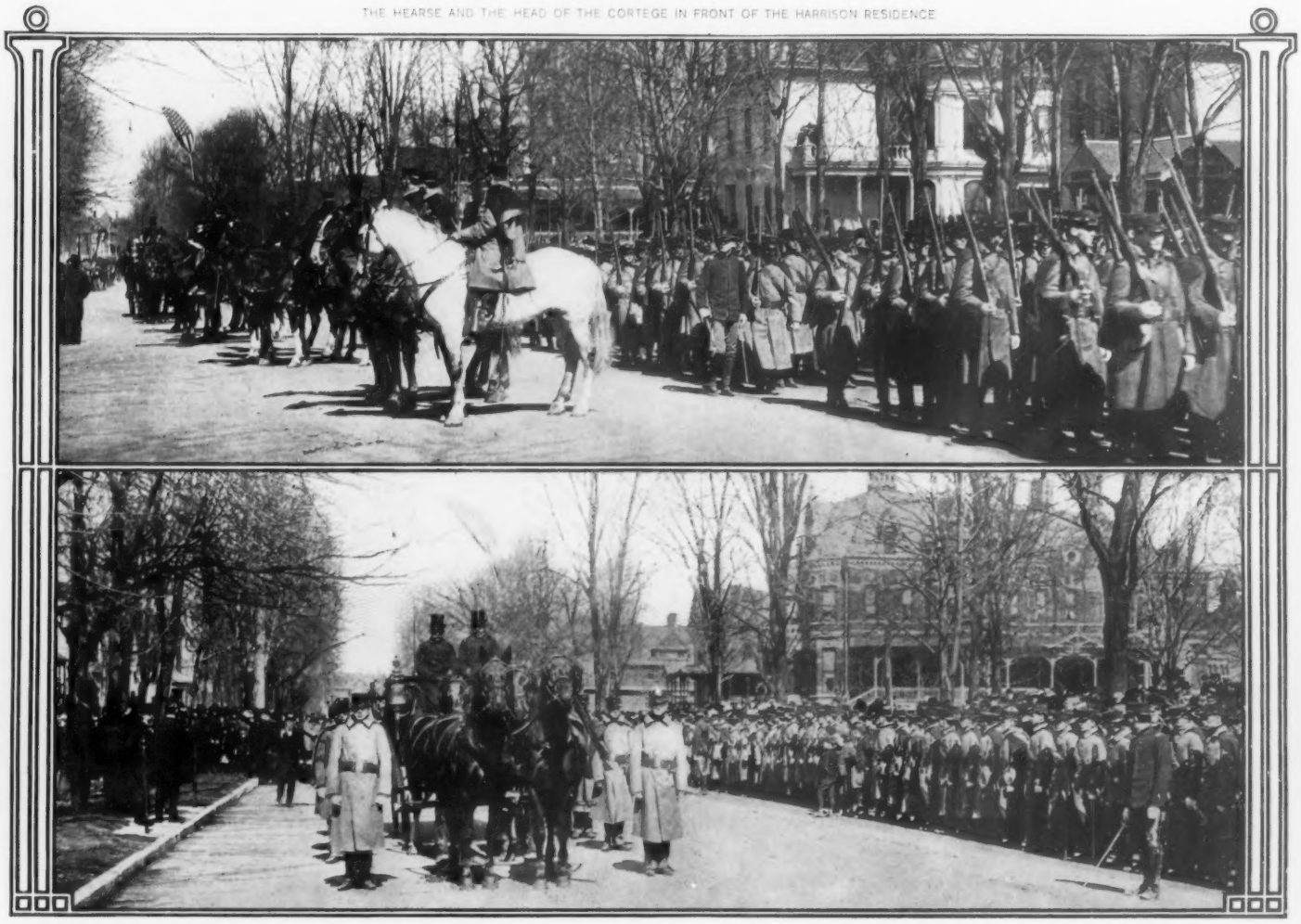
All of which has been recorded as preliminary to the epilogue of the scene on the *New York* described at the beginning of this story. Scene: Section S, American Line Pier. Eight pieces of baggage wide open, their contents spread in unclassified heaps, like eight bargain counters. Time: Ninety minutes after arrival of the *New York*. Nervous, Opper-faced tourist leaning against the corrugated iron wall of the pier, arms folded in Napoleonic attitude. Sphinx-like official delving with the deftness of a Mrs. Caudle in the pockets of still another pair of trousers.

Opper Passenger: "There's four waistcoats, a mackintosh, a smoking jacket and a bathrobe left yet, and they all have pockets. Let me know when you've finished."

Sphinx Official: "That will do." (Adds up column of figures, all in the cents column, on declaration): "Two dollars thirty, please. Pay at that window yonder."

Opper Passenger (calling porter and handing him keys): "Here, pack every darn thing any old way and lock 'em!" (Goes to window and pays the two-thirty duty.) Fifteen minutes elapse. Exit Opper Passenger, last to leave the pier, accompanied by a solitary and mighty curious journalist.

THE HEARSE AND THE HEAD OF THE CORTEGE IN FRONT OF THE HARRISON RESIDENCE



THE FUNERAL CORTEGE LEAVING THE HARRISON RESIDENCE

LAST HONORS TO EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON

(SEE FRONT AND DOUBLE PAGE)

AT SUNRISE on Saturday, March 16, at the Arsenal in Indianapolis, a gun boomed, reverberating through the cañons called streets of the capital city of Indiana. All day long and through the night a gun told off the half-hours. At sundown a gun was fired for each State in the Union, forty-five in all, making a total of ninety-three guns in honor of Benjamin Harrison. Unusual honors these were; for never before had the reports of so many guns thundered through a city upon the death of an ex-President of the United States.

A VETERAN'S LAST SALUTE

In the drawing-rooms of the Harrison home, in a casket draped with the banner of the Legion of Honor, lay the earthly shell the man and statesman had lived in. Into this room, soon after the first cannon's boom reached her ears, and while the city still slept, came the woman whom the still, cold mortal there had made a widow. She came to be alone with him, probably for the last time. The rest of that day and the next he would be claimed by the representatives of the city, the state, and the nation. While she stood in the darkened chamber, by the bier of her dead, the door opened without noise, and a bent form, still shivering after exposure to the chill air of the early morning, entered. He was a grizzled, gray old soldier, in a faded uniform. Unaware of another living presence, he shuffled to the casket, leaned over the still face, tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks. "Colonel," he whispered hoarsely, touching the bloodless hand on this dead leader's coat—"Colonel."

Just then there was a gentle tugging at his sleeve, and a soft voice said: "I am Mrs. Harrison. You are welcome."

"Do pardon my intrusion," said the old soldier, drawing his coat-sleeve across his eyes. "I felt I couldn't live out the few years left to me unless I saw my old Colonel alone, like this, just once more. I marched with him, from Atlanta to the sea, and I've come one hundred miles from home to give him a last salute." And as he slowly retreated he raised his hand, soldier-like, to his brow. The old man belonged to the Seventieth Indiana Volunteers, which was led by Harrison in Sherman's famous campaign in Georgia—a regiment which was given the place of honor in the parade at Washington at Harrison's inauguration.

INDIANAPOLIS DRESSED IN MOURNING

The ceremonies incident to the last rites due to the ex-President and honored citizen included the procession on Saturday, when the body was carried to the Capitol, where it lay in state for nine hours, and the funeral at the church on Sunday, and the service afterward at the tomb. Saturday, with formal pomp, military and civic bodies paid a last tribute to the soldier and statesman; Sunday, in a simple, informal way, the family, friends and neighbors paid final loving respects to the husband, father and private gentleman.

The honors paid to the distinguished dead far exceeded any previous tribute of a similar nature in Indianapolis. Here was the greatest military display that the city had witnessed since the State troops were mobilized at the breaking out of the Spanish-American war. The entire city was dressed in mourning. Indianapolis has been noted on many occasions for an elaborate display of bunting, but the flag that General Harrison loved so well was never more abundantly displayed in his home city. This time, however, it was bound in black, and from every flagstaff the colors were at half-mast, as a sorrowful tribute to one who, at the height of his fame and usefulness, and in the full strength of his wonderful intellectual power, had been summoned to his Maker. This was the first time in Indianapolis that the schools had taken such universal notice of the death of a public man. Exercises were held in which the story of Harrison's life was told by the teachers. During the midday hours, on Saturday, all business in the city was suspended. There was but one thought: how best to honor him who had been so great an ornament to the country.

FUNERAL COLUMN A MILE LONG

At noon on Saturday, two hundred infantrymen lined both sides of the street in front of the Harrison residence. On the stroke of twelve, General McKee gave the order "Present arms." A hush ensued, and down the steps of the house came eight sergeants bearing the casket on their shoulders. Behind them, as an escort of honor, came Admiral Brown for the navy, General Lew Wallace for the army, and two judges representing the civil profession of which Harrison was a member. On the funeral car, drawn by four black horses, the sergeants gently placed the coffin, and covered it with the Stars and Stripes.

As far ahead of the hearse as one could see stretched the column of regiments and civic societies that were to lead the way to the State House. To the head of this column rode General McKee; then gave the order, "Forward, march!" First came the three Indiana regiments, then a number of boys' brigades from the churches and schools of the city, then a battalion of artillery, and then the civic organizations. Behind these, surrounded by the old Seventieth Indiana Volunteers (before referred to), as the guard of honor, came the hearse. A line of carriages containing the local officials ended the procession. With arms reversed, and marching slowly to the music of the dirges played by the bands, the cortège finally reached the Capitol Building, where, to the soft rolling of drums, the casket was borne in, again on the shoulders of the eight sergeants, and placed in the rotunda beneath a canopy of black.

50,000 MOURNERS VIEW THE BODY

The State House clock boomed the hour of one, and from that time until ten strokes pierced the night air the body lay in state, where not long ago lay the body of General Lawton, after its journey from the Philippines. A continuous stream of humanity passed by, taking a last look at the face especially dear to the hearts of the people of the Hoosier State. Fifty thousand, in all, filed by the bier—and it was truly Indiana's day with her dead.

Next day, Sunday, before Indianapolis was astir, arrived the President of the United States. Following a gracious and admirable precedent, Mr. McKinley had journeyed from Washington, that he might testify to his respect for one of his distinguished predecessors in the White House. Until the hour of the funeral, the President was the guest of Governor Durbin. His presence, with that of the Governors of Illinois, Ohio and Wisconsin, the members of President Harrison's Cabinet, and a score of other men of national fame, helped to make the solemn event of the day of interest in every corner of the United States where the name of Harrison is esteemed as that of a patriot.

CABINET MINISTERS AS PALL-BEARERS

At the church five thousand people assembled, but the building was small and admission was limited to privileged ones with cards. Mr. McKinley, with his private secretary Mr. Cortelyou, and Governor and Mrs. Durbin, were seated in the front pew on the right of the pulpit. At that altar, where the remains of General Harrison were now confined in a narrow box, he years ago knelt hand in hand with the bride of his youth, and there plighted his troth. For forty years prior to his death he was a trustee of that little Presbyterian Church. Now entered the funeral party, consisting of members of the General's family, headed by Pastor Haines, who for many years was one of Harrison's closest friends. After the brief and simple ceremony at the altar, the way forth to the tomb was led by the honorary pall-bearers, among whom were five members of Harrison's Cabinet—Secretary of the Treasury Foster, Tracy of the Navy, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, Noble of the Interior, and Attorney-General Miller. Then, bearing the casket, came the active pall-bearers, including James Whitcomb Riley and Booth Tarkington.

At Crown Hill Cemetery a vast assemblage, reverent in demeanor, was massed round about the Harrison tomb. Up to the portal of this chill place came the pall-bearers, lowering their burden a moment for the most solemn rite of all—"And to dust thou shalt return." While the minister spoke the words the widow stood at the head of the coffin like a statue of grief, and nearby stood Mr. McKinley, his head bravely bared to the now relentless evening winds. The widow and her little daughter Elizabeth each laid a spray of lilies-of-the-valley on the casket; and then, as fell the shades of night, the box containing the body of the beloved was placed in the niche beside the wife of his youth, the heavy granite slab was lowered, and thus the drapery of his couch was "wrapped about him and he lay down to pleasant dreams."

IRISH SOCIETIES SUSPEND FESTIVITIES

The honors paid to the memory of ex-President Harrison by his Irish fellow citizens were significant. Sunday, March 17, St. Patrick's Day, was to have been celebrated with greater circumstance than ever before in the history of Indianapolis. The arrangements had been perfected for a magnificent parade under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. These patriotic Irishmen gave up the St. Patrick's parade, so dear to their hearts, and at four o'clock in the afternoon met in Tomlinson Hall with their wives and children, to the number of three thousand or more, to listen to speeches in which every speaker made feeling allusion to the life and character of the great citizen whose body was at that time being buried at Crown Hill Cemetery.

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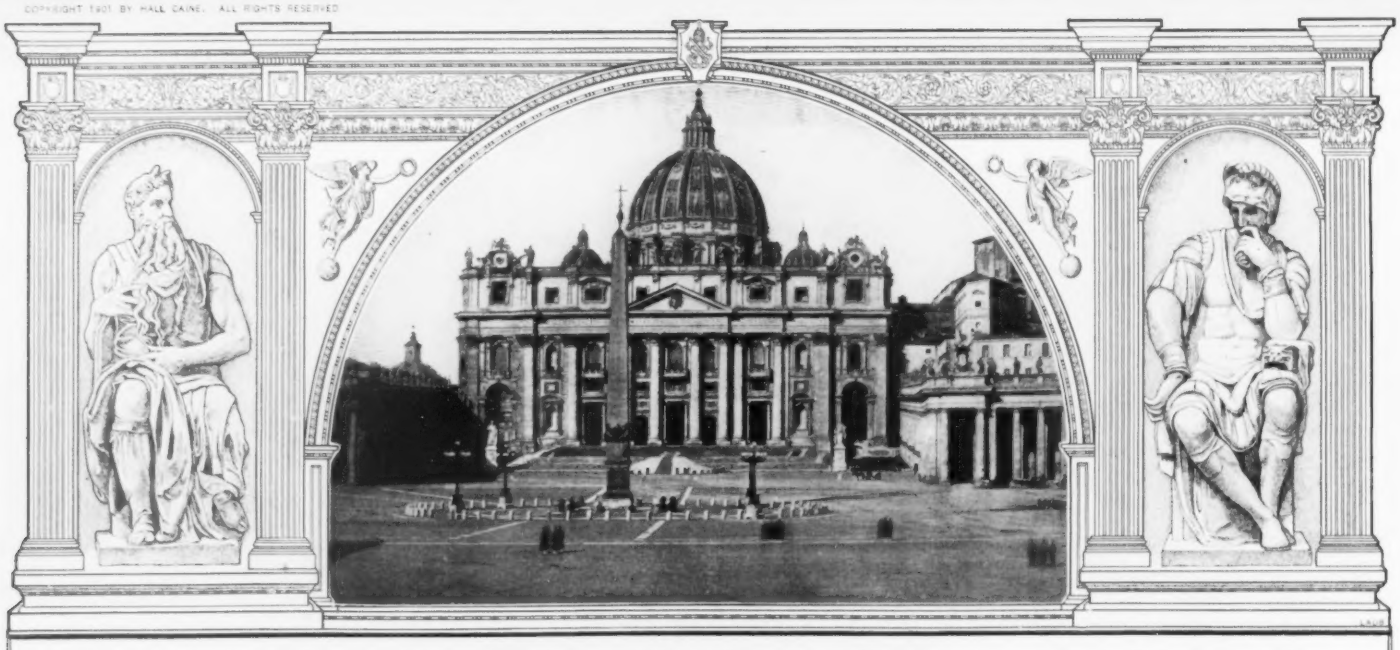

THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE

Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy compatriot, whom twenty years later we see in Rome as David Rossi, the noted anarchist politician. The Prince's daughter, Roma, is now also a resident of the Eternal City, where her beauty, extravagance and supposed illicit connection with Baron Bonnino, Italy's autocratic Prime Minister, are the talk of the gossips. An insinuation of this kind is made in a public speech by Rossi. In order to avenge herself, Roma tries to get him drawn into a false plot to assassinate Bonnano, but he indignantly rebukes the agent sent to him. Coming into personal contact with Rossi, Roma is softened in her schemes of revenge by his manly behavior and the old memories of London that surge up in her. Meanwhile Roma supposes that Rossi has not identified her, and observes with pleasure his increasing admiration of her. She becomes strongly attracted to David, and urgently dissuades the Baron from his purpose of establishing damaging evidence against him. On the occasion of a hunt on the Roman Campagna David and Roma are left alone, and confess having recognized each other. Roma returns home.

XI

FELICE MET ROMA at the door of her own apartment, and in more than usually sepulchral tones announced that the Countess had wished to see her as soon as she came home. Without waiting to change her riding-habit Roma turned into her aunt's room.

The old lady was propped up with pillows, and Nattalina was fussing about her. Her eyes glittered, her thin lips were compressed, and, regardless of the presence of the maid, she straightway fell upon Roma with bitter reproaches.

"Did you wish to see me, aunt?" said Roma, and the old lady answered in a mocking falsetto:

"Did I wish to see you, miss? Certainly I wished to see you, although I'm a broken-hearted woman and sorry for the day I saw you first."

"What have I done now?" said Roma, and the radiant look in her face provoked the old lady to still louder denunciations.

"What have you done? Mercy me! . . . Give me my salts, Nattalina!"

"Nattalina," said Roma quietly, "lay out my studio things, and if Bruno has gone, tell Felice to light the lamps and see to the stove downstairs."

The old lady fanned herself with her embroidered handkerchief and began again.

"I thought you meant to mend your ways when you came in yesterday, miss—you were so meek and modest. But what was the fact? You had come to me straight from that man's apartments. You had! You know you had! Don't try to deny it."

"I don't deny it," said Roma.

"Holy Virgin! She doesn't deny it. Perhaps you admit it?"

"I do admit it."

"Madonna mia! She admits it! Perhaps you made an appointment?"

"No, I went without an appointment."

"Merciful heavens! She is on such terms with the man that she can go to his apartment without even an appointment! Perhaps you were alone with him, miss?"

"Yes, we were quite alone," said Roma.

The old lady, who was apparently about to faint right away, looked up at her little shrine, crossed herself, and said:

"Goodness! A girl! Not even a married woman! And without a maid, too!"

Trying not to lose control of herself, Roma stepped to the door, but her aunt followed her up.

"A man like that too! Not even a gentleman! The hypocrite! The impostor! With his airs of purity and pretence!"

"Aunt Betsy," said Roma, "I was sorry I spoke to you as I did the other night, not because anything I said was wrong, but because you are weak and bedridden and suffering. Don't provoke me to speak again as I spoke before. I did go to Mr. Rossi's rooms yesterday, and if there is any fault in that I alone am to blame."

"Are you indeed?" said the old lady, with a shrill piping cry. "Holy Saints, she admits so much! Do you know what people will call you when they hear of it? A hussy! A shameless hussy!"

Roma was flaming up, but she controlled herself and put her hand on the door-handle.

"They *will* hear of it, depend on that," cried the Countess. "Last night at dinner the women were talking of nothing else. Felice heard all their chattering. That woman let the dog out to follow you, knowing it would go straight to the man's rooms. 'Whom did it come home with, Felice?' 'Donna Roma, your Excellency.' 'Then it's clear where Donna Roma had been.' Ugh! I could choke to think of it. My head is fit to split! Is there any cognac . . . ?"

Roma's bosom was visibly stirred by her breathing, but she answered quietly:

"No matter! Why should I care what is thought of my conduct by people who have no morality of their own to judge me by?"

"Really now?" said the Countess, twisting the wrinkles of her old face into skeins of mock courtesy. "Upon my word, I didn't think you were so simple. Understand, miss, it isn't the opinion of the Princess Bellini I am thinking about, but that of the Baron Bonnino. He has his dignity to consider, and when the time comes and he is free to take a wife, he is not likely to marry a girl who has been criticised with another man. Don't you see what that woman is doing? She has been doing it all along, and like a simpleton you've been helping her. You've been flinging away your chances with this Rossi and making yourself impossible to the Minister."

Roma tossed her head and answered:

"I don't care if I have, Aunt Betsy. I'm not of the same mind as I used to be, and I think no longer that the holiest things are to be bought and sold like so much merchandise."

The old lady, who had been bending forward in her vehemence, fell back on the pillow.

"You'll kill me!" she cried. "Where did you learn such folly? Goodness knows I've done my best by you. I have tried to teach you your duty to the Baron and to society. But all this comes of admitting these anarchists into the house. You can't help it, though! It's in your blood! Your father before you . . ."

Crimson and trembling from head to foot, Roma turned suddenly and left the room. Nattalina and Felice were listening on the other side of the door.

But not even this jarring incident could break the spell of Roma's enchantment, and when dinner was over, and she had gone to the studio and closed the door, the whole world seemed to be shut out, and nothing was of the slightest consequence. If she remembered her aunt's anger, she thought, "My father bore more than that for me." If she recalled the schemes of the Princess, she told herself they were petty and vain. She had undergone transition to another state of being, and was wrapped in a golden cloud which included only one person besides herself.

Taking the damp cloth from the bust, she looked at her work again. In the light of the aurora she now lived in, the head she had wrought with so much labor was poor and inadequate. It did not represent the original. It was weak and wrong.

She set to work again, and little by little the face in the clay began to change. Not Peter any longer, Peter the disciple, but Another! It was daring, it was audacious, it was shocking, but no matter! She was not afraid.

Time passed, but she did not heed it. She was working at lightning speed, and with a power she had never felt before. Sometimes she stood off from the bust to look at it, then came back and went on again. The hot blood was in her cheeks. She was glowing, breathing hard, laughing little trills of laughter, but working on, on, on.

And while she worked the aurora of her new life was filling her mind with pictures. She was going over every incident of the day, every word, every tone, every little trivial thing. It was all so wonderful, so mysterious, so miraculous. The violets he had plucked in the dell were her favorite flowers. Were they his also? How strange! A look of pain had crossed his face when she dismissed him at the door. Had he wished to come in? How sweet that was! It was like galloping on the Campagna with some one galloping behind you. But she had only wanted to be alone, so that she might be the more alone with him. Strange paradox! Escaping, hiding, flying from some one, that you may have him nearer, nearer, nearer! How suddenly everything had happened! Was it her dream of long ago coming true at last—her dream of the man—the right one—who was to meet her at the gate of life and take her up, up, up?

Night came on, and the old Rome, the Rome of the Popes, repossessed itself of the Eternal City. The silent streets, the dark patches, the luminous piazzas, the three lights on the loggia of the Vatican, the gray ghost of the great dome, the kind stars, the sweet moon, and the church-bells striking one by one in the noiseless night.

At length she became aware of a streak of light on the floor. It was coming through the shutters of the window. She threw them open, and the breeze of morning came up from the orange trees in the garden below. The day was dawning over the sleeping city. Convent bells were ringing for matins, but all else was still, and the silence was sweet and deep.

She turned back to her work and looked at it again. It thrilled her now. She walked to and fro in the studio and felt as if she were walking on the stars. She was happy, happy, happy!

Then the city began to sound on every side. Cabs rattled, electric trams tinkled, venders called their wares in the streets, and the new Rome, the Rome of the Kings, awoke.

Somebody was singing as he came upstairs. It was Bruno, coming to his work. He looked astonished, for the gaslight was still burning although the sunlight was streaming into the room.

"Been working all night, Donna Roma?"

"Fear I have, Bruno, but I'm going to bed now."

She had an impulse to call him up to her work and say, "Look! I did that, for I am a great artist." But, no! Not yet! Not yet!

She had covered up the clay, and turned the key of her own compartment, when the bell rang on the floor above. It was the porter with the post, and Nattalina, in curl papers, met her on the landing with the letters.

One of them was from the Mayor, thanking her for what she had done for Charles Minghetti; another was from her landlord, thanking her for his translation to Paris; a third was from the fashionable modiste, thanking her for an invitation from the Minister. A feeling of shame came over her as she glanced at these letters. They brought the implication of an immoral influence, the atmosphere of an evil life.

There was a fourth letter. It was from the Minister himself. She had seen it from the first, but a creepy sense of impending trouble had made her keep it to the last. Ought she to open it? She ought, she must!

"MY DARLING CHILD: You cannot drop it now. It would be weak and foolish. Besides, it is impossible. Everybody knows what you set out to do. Think of awakening some morning and all Rome laughing at you! Donna Roma caught

in her own nets! Mademoiselle Manon Lescaut in her own toils! Cruel and unjust, but inevitable, and these red-hot prophets in petticoats, how they would scream!

"News at last, too, and success within hail! Minghetti, the Grand Hotel, the reference in London, and the dead-and-buried nightmare have led up to and compassed everything! Prepare for a great surprise—David Rossi is *not* David Rossi, but *a condemned man who has no right to live in Italy!* Prepare for a still greater surprise—*he has no right to live at all!*

"So you are avenged! The man humiliated and degraded you. He insulted me also, and did his best to make me resign my portfolio and put my private life on its defence. You set out to undo the effects of his libel and to punish him for his outrage. You've done it! You have avenged yourself for both of us! It's all your work! You are magnificent! And now let us draw the net closer . . . let us hold him fast . . . let us go on as we have begun . . ."

Her sight grew dim. The letter seemed to be full of blotches. It dropped out of her helpless fingers. She sat a long time looking out on the sunlit city, and all the world grew dark and chill. Then she rose, and her face was pale and rigid.

"No, I will *not* go on!" she thought. "I will *not* betray him! I will *save* him! He insulted me, he humiliated me, he was my enemy, but . . . I love him! I love him!"

PART FOUR

DAVID ROSSI

I

David Rossi was in his bedroom writing his leader for next morning's paper. A lamp with a dark shade burned on the desk and the rest of the room was in shadow. It was late and the house was quiet.

The Government had convoked Parliament for the day after to-morrow. Copies of the King's speech had been sent in confidence to the leaders of parties and the editors of newspapers. As leader of the Extreme Left and as Editor of the "Sunrise," David Rossi had received copies. He was writing the ambiguous forecast which etiquette prescribes in such cases.

"The public will not be surprised if the King's speech recommends . . ."

The door opened softly, and Bruno, in shirt-sleeves and slippered feet, came on tiptoe into the room. He brought a letter in a large violet envelope with a monogram on the front of it, and put it down on the desk by David Rossi's side. It was from Roma.

"Dear David Rossi: Without rhyme or reason I have been expecting to see you here to-day, having something to say which it is important that you should hear. May I expect you in the morning? Knowing how busy you are I dare not bid you come, yet the matter is of great consequence and admits of no delay. It is not a subject on which it is safe or proper to write, and how to speak of it I am at a loss to decide. Have you ever known what it is to feel that it would be the act of a friend to say something, yet just because you *are* a friend you cannot bring yourself to say it? That is my case now, complicated perhaps by other and more personal considerations. But you shall help me. Therefore come without delay. There! I have bidden you come in spite of myself. Judge from that how eager is my expectation. In haste, Roma.

"P.S.—What a day we had on the Campagna! I have sometimes closed my eyes and taken a breath back into yesterday as into a dream that is dying away, and found it difficult to believe that it has all come true. Only think! You and I have come into each other's lives again, like two streams which have just burst into the sunlight! Isn't it beautiful? How lonely I must have been in spite of all my noisy surroundings! And how I must have wanted a big, big brother! Want me for a sister, please, and I shall be so happy.

"P.S. No. 2.—I open my envelope again, to wonder if you can ever forgive me for the humiliations you have suffered for my sake. To think that *I* threw you into the way of them! And merely to wipe out an offence that is not worth considering! I am ashamed of myself. I am also ashamed of the people about me. You will remember that I told you they were pitiless and cruel. They are worse—they are heartless and without mercy. But how bravely you bore their insults and innuendoes! I could almost cry to think of it, and if I were a good Catholic I should confess and do penance. See? I do confess, and if you want me to do penance you will come yourself and impose it.

"P.S. No. 3.—Just had proof of how much of a revolutionary my poor father must have been. The moment I put his picture into the boudoir there was anarchy on every side. All my other pictures, as well as the creatures of my menagerie—the stuffed tiger and the stuffed wolf and the lion's skin on the couch—rebelled against his saintly presence. The clock with the figure of Mephistopheles—it was a birthday present from the Baron—was loudly and especially truculent. So to keep the peace I've turned them all out and banished them to my aunt's bedroom. There they have been received with tears and many maledictions on the ingratitude of their former keeper. When you come again you will find me living in an atmosphere that will make you imagine that one of the cells of our convent has wandered over the way. So you see what you've done for me with your stories of my father and mother and their sweet and noble poverty.

"Come soon. Don't say you cannot, and don't talk about Parliament and parties and such trifles. You *must* come! I command it! If you don't come I shall persuade myself there is a hated woman in the wind, and she is keeping you away.

"Soberly, I have a great scheme to prevent mischief coming to you, and to bring out all things well. It is my secret and I must not whisper a word about it yet. But when I think of it, and all that is to come of it, I say to myself, 'Roma, my child, you are really a wonderful woman after all, and no doubt the history of the world would have been quite, quite different if by great misfortune you had never been born.'

"But everything depends upon your coming. So, like a good boy, come at once.—R. V."

It was the first letter that David Rossi had received from Roma, and as he read it the air seemed to him to be full of a sweet girlish voice. He could see the play of her large, bright, violet eyes. The delicate fragrance of the scented paper rose to his nostrils, and without being conscious of what he was doing he raised the letter to his lips.

Then he became aware that Bruno was still in the room.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

"YOU INTEND TO BREAK OFF THE CONNECTION?"

DISTINGUISHED PALL-BEARERS CARRYING THE CASKET OUT OF THE HARRISON RESIDENCE

THE PALL-BEARERS ABOUT TO PLACE THE CASKET IN THE HEARSE, ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 17

THE BODY LYING IN STAT

THE MULTITUDE AT CROWN HILL CEMETERY ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, ATTENDI

LAST HONORS TO EX-PRESIDENT

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTO

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND SENATOR FAIRBANKS

THE PRESIDENT AND GOVERNOR DURBIN (2)

LYING IN STATE IN THE CAPITOL

EIGHT SERGEANTS OF THE 70TH INDIANA REGIMENT BEARING THE CASKET THROUGH THE CAPITOL GROUNDS

OON, ATTENDING THE BURIAL CEREMONIES IN HONOR OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON

ENT HARRISON AT INDIANAPOLIS

EFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

IT TOOK SOMETHING just short of a revolution to wake up the sleepy little town of Miltonville. Through the slow hot days it drowsed along like a lazy dog, only half rousing now and then to snap at some flying rumor, and relapsing at once into its pristine somnolence.

It was not a dreamless sleep, however, that held the town in chains. It had its dreams—dreams of greatness, of wealth, of consequence and of growth. Granted that there was no effort to realize these visions, they were yet there, and, combined with the memory of a past that was not without credit, went far to give tone to its dormant spirit.

It was a real spirit, too, the gallant Bourbon spirit of the old South; of Kentucky when she is most the daughter of Virginia, as was evidenced in the awed respect which all Miltonvillians, white and black alike, showed to Major Richardson in his house on the hill. He was part of the traditions of the place. It was shown in the conservatism of the old white families, and a certain stalwart if reflected self-respect in the older colored inhabitants.

In all the days since the school had been founded and Mr. Dunkin's marriage to the teacher had raised a brief ripple of excitement, these colored people had slumbered. They were still slumbering that hot August day, unmindful of the sensation that lay at their very doors, heedless of the portents that said as plain as preaching, "Miltonville, the time is at hand, awake!"

So it was that that afternoon there were only a few loungers, and these not very alert, about the station when the little train wheezed and puffed its way into it. It had been so long since any one save those whom they knew had alighted at Miltonville that the loungers had lost faith and with it curiosity, and now they scarcely changed their positions as the little engine stopped with a snort of disgust. But in an instant, indifference had fled as the mist before the sun, and every eye on the platform was staring and white. It is the unexpected that always happens, and yet humanity never gets accustomed to it. The loafers, white and black, had assumed a sitting posture, and then they had stood up. For from the cars there had alighted the wonder of a stranger—a negro stranger, gorgeous of person and attire. He was dressed in a suit of black cloth. A long coat was buttoned close around his tall and robust form. He was dead black, from his shiny top hat to his not less shiny boots, and about him there was the indefinable air of distinction. He stood looking about the platform for a moment, and then stepped briskly and decisively toward the group that was staring at him with wide eyes. There was no hesitation in that step. He walked as a man walks who is not in the habit of being stopped, who has not known what it is to be told, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further."

"Can you tell me where I can find the residence of Mr. Isaac Jackson?" he asked sonorously as he reached the stupefied loungers. His voice was deep and clear.

Some one woke from his astonishment and offered to lead him thither, and together the two started for their destination, the stranger keeping up a running fire of comment on the way. Had his companion been a close observer and known anything about the matter, he would have found the newcomer's English painfully, unforgivably correct. A language should be like an easy shoe on a flexible foot, but to one unused to it, it proves rather a splint on a broken limb. The stranger stalked about in conversational splints until they arrived at Isaac Jackson's door. Then giving his guide a dime, he dismissed him with a courtly bow and knocked.

It was a good thing that Martha Ann Jackson had the innate politeness of her race well to the fore when she opened the door upon the radiant creature, or she would have given voice to the words that were in her heart: "Good Lawd, what is dis?"

"Is this the residence of Mr. Isaac Jackson?" in the stranger's suavest voice.

"Yes, suh, he live hyeah."

"May I see him? I desire to see him upon some business." He handed her his card, which she carefully turned upside down, glanced at without understanding, and put in her apron pocket as she replied:

"He ain't in jes' now, but ef you'll step in an' wait, I'll sen' one o' de chillen aftah him."

"I thank you, madam, I thank you. I will come in and rest from the fatigue of my journey. I have travelled a long way, and rest in such a pleasant and commodious abode as your own appears to be will prove very grateful to me."

She had been half afraid to invite this resplendent figure into her humble house, but she felt distinctly flattered at his allusion to the home which she had helped Isaac to buy, and by the alacrity with which the stranger accepted her invitation.

She ushered him into the front room, mentally thanking her stars that she had forced the reluctant Isaac to buy a bright new carpet a couple of months before.

A child was despatched to find and bring home the father, while Martha Ann, hastily slipping out of her work-dress and into a starched calico, came in to keep her visitor company.

His name proved to be Scatters, and he was a most entertaining and ingratiating man. It was evident that he had some important business with Isaac Jackson, but that it was mysterious was shown by the guarded way in which he occasionally hinted at it as he tapped the valise he carried and nodded knowingly.

Time had never been when Martha Ann Jackson was so flustered. She was charmed and frightened and flattered. She could only leave Mr. Scatters long enough to give orders to her daughter, Lucy, to prepare such a supper as that household had never seen before; then she returned to sit again at his feet and listen to his words of wisdom.

The supper progressed apace, and the savor of it was already in the stranger's nostrils. Upon this, he grew eloquent and was about to divulge his secret to the hungry-eared woman when the tramping of Isaac's boots upon the walk told him that he had only a little while longer to contain himself, and at the same time to wait for the fragrant supper.

Now it is seldom that a man is so well impressed with a smooth-tongued stranger as is his wife. Usually his hardheadedness puts him on the defensive against the blandishments of the man who has won his better half's favor, and, however honest the semi-fortunate individual may be, he despises him for his attainments. But it was not so in this case. Isaac had hardly entered the house and received his visitor's warm handclasp before he had become captive to his charm. Business, business—no, his guest had been travelling and he must be both tired and hungry. Isaac would hear of no business until they had eaten. Then, over a pipe, if the gentleman smoked, they might talk at their ease.

Mr. Scatters demurred, but in fact nothing could have pleased him better, and the open smile with which he dropped into his place at the table was very genuine and heartfelt. Genuine, too, were his praises of Lucy's cooking; of her flaky biscuits and mealy potatoes. He was pleased all through and he did not hesitate to say so.

It was a beaming group that finally rose heavily laden from the supper table.

Over a social pipe a little later, Isaac Jackson heard the story that made his eyes bulge with interest and his heart throb with eagerness.

Mr. Scatters began, tapping his host's breast and looking at him fixedly, "You had a brother some years ago named John." It was more like an accusation than a question.

"Yes, suh, I had a brothah John."

"Uh, huh, and that brother migrated to the West Indies."

"Yes, suh, he went out to some o' dem outlandish places."

"Hold on, sir, hold on, I am a West Indian myself."

"I do' mean no erfence, 'ceptin' dat John allus was of a rovin' dispersition."

"Very well, you know no more about your brother after his departure for the West Indies?"

"No, suh."

"Well, it is my mission to tell you the rest of the story. Your brother John landed at Cuba, and after working about some years and living frugally, he went into the coffee business, in which he became rich."

"Rich?"

"Rich, sir."

"Why, bless my soul, who'd 'a evah thought that of John? Why, suh, I'm sho'ly proud to hyeah it. Why don't he come home an' visit a body?"

"Ah, why?" said Mr. Scatters dramatically. "Now comes the most painful part of my mission. 'In the midst of life we are in death.'" Mr. Scatters sighed. Isaac sighed and wiped his eyes. "Two years ago your brother departed this life."

"Was he saved?" Isaac asked in a choked voice. Scatters gave him one startled glance, and then answered hastily, "I am happy to say that he was."

"Poor John! He gone an' me lef'."

"Even in the midst of our sorrows, however, there is always a ray of light. Your brother remembered you in his will."

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS WAS NOT TO BE CARELESSLY HANDLED!

"Remembered me?"

"Remembered you, and as one of the executors of his estate"—Mr. Scatters rose and went softly over to his valise, from which he took a large square package. He came back with it, holding it as if it were something sacred. "—As one of the executors of his estate which is now settled, I was commissioned to bring you this." He tapped the package. "This package, sealed as you see with the seal of Cuba, contains five thousand dollars in notes and bonds."

Isaac gasped and reached for the bundle, but it was withdrawn. "I am, however, not to deliver it to you yet. There are certain formalities which my country demands to be gone through with, after which I deliver my message and return to the fairest of lands, to the Gem of the Antilles. Let me congratulate you, Mr. Jackson, upon your good fortune."

Isaac yielded up his hand mechanically. He was dazed by the vision of this sudden wealth.

"Fi' thousan' dollahs," he repeated.

"Yes, sir, five thousand dollars. It is a goodly sum, and in the meantime, until court convenes, I wish you to recommend some safe place in which to put this money, as I do not feel secure with it about my person, nor would it be secure if it were known to be in your house."

"I reckon Albert Matthews' grocery would be the safes' place fu' it. He's got one o' dem i'on saftes."

"The very place. Let us go there at once, and after that I will not encroach upon your hospitality longer, but attempt to find a hotel."

"Hotel nothin'," said Isaac emphatically. "Ef my house ain't too common, you'll stay right thaih outwell co't sets."

"This is very kind of you, Mr. Jackson, but really I couldn't think of being such a charge upon you and your good wife."

"'Tain't no charge on us, we'll be glad to have you. Folks hyeah in Miltonville has litle enough comp'ny, de Lawd knows."

Isaac spoke the truth, and it was as much the knowledge that he would be the envy of all the town as his gratitude to Scatters that prompted him to prevail upon his visitor to stay.

Scatters was finally persuaded, and the men only paused long enough in the house to tell the curiosity-eaten Martha Ann the news, and then started for Albert Matthews' store. Scatters carried the precious package, and Isaac was armed with an old shotgun lest any one should suspect their treasure and attack them. Five thousand dollars was not to be carelessly handled!

As soon as the men were gone, Martha Ann started out upon her rounds, and her proud tongue did for the women portion of Miltonville what the visit to Matthews' store did for the men. Did Mrs. So-and-So remember brother John? Indeed she did. And when the story was told, it was a "Well, well, well! he used to be an ol' beau o' mine." Martha Ann found no less than twenty women of her acquaintance for whom her brother John seemed to have entertained tender feelings.

The corner grocery store kept by Albert Matthews was the general gathering-place for the colored male population of the town. It was a small, one-roomed building almost filled with barrels, boxes and casks.

Pride as well as necessity had prompted Isaac to go to the grocery just at this time, when it would be quite the fullest of men. He had not calculated wrongly when he reckoned upon the sensation that would be made by his entrance with the distinguished-looking stranger. The excitement was all the most hungry could have wished for. The men stared at Jackson and his companion with wide-open eyes. They left off chewing tobacco and telling tales. A half-dozen of them forgot to avail themselves of the joy of spitting, and Albert Matthews, the proprietor, a weazened little brown-skinned man, forgot to lay his hand upon the scale in weighing out a pound of sugar.

With a humility that was false on the very face of it, Isaac introduced his guest to the grocer and the three went off together mysteriously into a corner. The matter was duly explained and the object of the visit told. Matthews burned with envy of his neighbor's good fortune.

"I do' reckon, Mistah Scatters, dat we bettah let de othah folks in de sto' know anything 'bout dis hyeah bus'ness of ouahs. I got to be 'sponsible fu dat money, an' I doesn't want to tek no chances."

"You are perfectly right, sir, perfectly right. You are responsible, not only for the money itself, but for the integrity of this seal which means the dignity of government."

Matthews looked sufficiently impressed, and together they all went their way among the barrels and boxes to the corner where the little safe stood. With many turnings and twistings the door was opened, the package inclosed and the safe shut again. Then they all rose solemnly and went behind the counter to sample something that Matthews had. This was necessary as a climax, for they had performed, not a mere deed, but a ceremonial.

"Of course, you'll say nothing about this matter at all, Mr. Matthews," said Scatters, thereby ensuring publicity to his affair.

There were a few introductions as the men passed out, but hardly had their backs turned when a perfect storm of comment and inquiry broke about the grocer's head. So it came to pass, that with many mysterious nods and headshakings, Matthews first hinted at and then told the story.

For the first few minutes the men could scarcely believe what they had heard. It was so utterly unprecedented. Then it dawned upon them that it might be so, and discussion and argument ran rife for the next hour.

The story flew like wildfire, there being three things in this world which interest all sorts and conditions of men alike: great wealth, great beauty, and great love. Whenever Mr. Scatters appeared he was greeted with deference and admiration. Any man who had come clear from Cuba on such an errand to their fellow-townsman deserved all honor and respect. His charming manners confirmed, too, all that preconceived notions had said of him. He became a social favorite. It began with Mr. and Mrs. Dunkin's calling upon him. Then followed Alonzo Taft, and when the former two gave a reception for the visitor, his position was assured. Miltonville had not yet arisen to the dignity of having a literary society. He now founded one and opened it himself with an address so beautiful, so eloquent and moving that Mr. Dunkin bobbed his head dizzy in acquiescence, and Aunt Hannah Payne thought she was in church and shouted for joy.

The little town had awakened from its long post-bellum slumber and accepted with eagerness the upward impulse given it. It stood aside and looked on with something like adoration when Mr. Scatters and Mrs. Dunkin met and talked of ineffable things—things far above the ken of the average mortal.

When Mr. Scatters found that his mission was known, he gave up further attempts at concealing it and talked freely about the matter. He expatiated at length upon the responsibility that devolved upon him and his desire to discharge it, and he spoke glowingly of the great government whose power was represented by the seal which held the package of bonds. Not for one day would he stay away from his beloved Cuba, if it were not that that seal had to be broken in the presence of the proper authorities. So, however reluctant he might be to stay, it was not for him to shirk his task: he must wait for the sitting of court.

Meanwhile the Jacksons lived in an atmosphere of glory. The womenfolk purchased new dresses and Isaac got a new wagon on the strength of their good fortune. It was nothing to what they dreamed of doing when they had the money positively in hand. Mr. Scatters still remained their guest, and they were proud of it.

What pleased them most was that their distinguished visitor seemed not to look down upon, but rather to be pleased with, their homely fare. Isaac had further cause for pleasure when his guest came to him later with a great show of frank confidence to request the loan of fifty dollars.

"I should not think of asking even this small favor of you but that I have only Cuban money with me and I knew you would feel distressed if you knew that I went to the trouble of sending this money away for exchange on account of so small a sum."

This was undoubtedly a mark of special confidence. It suddenly made Isaac feel as if the grand creature had accepted and labelled him as a brother and an equal. He hastened to Matthews' safe, where he kept his own earnings; for the grocer was banker as well. With reverent hands they put aside the package of bonds and together counted out the required half a hundred dollars. In a little while Mr. Scatters' long, graceful fingers had closed over it.

Mr. Jackson's cup of joy was now full. It had but one bitter drop to mar its sweetness. That was the friendship that had sprung up between the Cuban and Mr. Dunkin. They frequently exchanged visits, and sat long together engaged in conversation from which Isaac was excluded. This galled him. He felt that he had a sort of proprietary interest in his guest. And any infringement of this property right he looked upon with distinct disfavor. So that it was with no pleasant countenance that he greeted Mr. Dunkin when he called on a certain night.

"Mr. Scatters is gone out," he said, as the old man entered and deposited his hat on the floor.

"Dat's all right, Isaac," said Mr. Dunkin slowly, "I didn't come to see de gent'man. I come to see you."

The cloud somewhat lifted from Isaac's brow. Mr. Dunkin was a man of importance and it made a deal of difference whom he was visiting.

He seemed a little bit embarrassed, however, as to how to open conversation. He hummed and hawed and was visibly uneasy. He tried to descant upon the weather, but the subject failed him. Finally, with an effort, he hitched his chair nearer to his host's and said in a low voice, "Ike, I reckon you has de cornfidence of Mistah Scatters?"

"I has," was the proud reply, "I has."

"Hum! uh! huh! Well—well—has you evah loant him any money?"

Isaac was aghast. Such impertinence!

"Mistah Dunkin," he began, "I considah—"

"Hol' on, Ike!" broke in Dunkin, laying a

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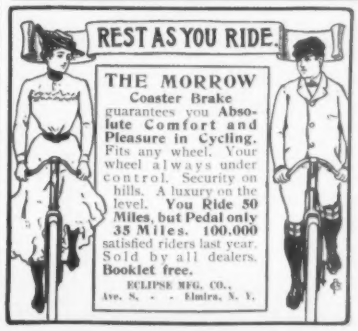

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soothing hand on the other's knee, "don' git on yo' high hoss. Dis hyeah's a impo'tant matiah."

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

"He ain't never tol' you 'bout havin' noth'n' but Cuban money on him?"

Isaac started.

"I see he have. He t l' me de same thing."

The two men sat staring suspiciously into each other's faces.

"He got a hun'ed an' fifty dollahs f'om me," said Dunkin.

"I let him have fifty," added Jackson weakly.

"He got twenty five from Albert Matthews. Dat's how I come to git 'spicious. He tol' him de same sto'y."

Again that pregnant look flashed between them, and they both rose and went out of the house.

They hurried down to Matthews' grocery. The owner was waiting for them there. There was solemnity, but no hesitation, in the manner with which they now went to the safe. They took out the package hastily and with ruthless hands. This was no ceremonial now. The seal had no longer any fears for them. They tore it off. They tore the wrapper. Then paper. Neatly folded paper. More wrapping paper. Newspapers. Nothing more. Of bills or bonds—nothing. With the débris of the mysterious parcel scattered about their feet, they stood up and looked at each other.

"I nevah did believe in furriners nohow," said Mr. Dunkin sadly.

"But he knowed all about my brothah John."

"An' he sho'ly did make mighty fine speeches. Maybe we's missed de money." This from the grocer.

Together they went over the papers again, with the same result.

"Do you know where he went to-night, Ike?"

"No."

"Den I reckon we's seed de las' o' him."

"But he lef' his valise."

"Yes, an' he lef' dis," said Dunkin sternly, pointing to the paper on the floor. "He sho'ly is mighty keerless of his valybles."

"Let's go git de constable," said the practical Matthews.

They did, though they felt that it would be unavailing.

The constable came and waited at Jackson's house. They had been there about half an hour, talking the matter over, when what was their surprise to hear Mr. Scatters' step coming jaunt'ly up the walk. A sudden panic of terror and shame seized them. It was as if they had wronged him. Suppose, after all, everything should come right and he should be able to explain? They sat and trembled until he entered. Then the constable told him his mission.

Mr. Scatters was surprised. He was hurt. Indeed, he was distinctly grieved that his friends had had so little confidence in him. Had he been to them anything but a gentleman, a friend and an honest man? Had he not come a long distance from his home to do one of them a favor? They hung their heads. Martha Ann, who was listening at the door, was sobbing audibly. What had he done thus to be humiliated? He saw the effect of his words and pursued it. Had he not left in the care of one of their own number security for his integrity in the shape of the bonds?

The effect of his words was magical. Every head went up and three pairs of flashing eyes were bent upon him. He saw and knew that they knew. He had not thought that they would dare to violate the seal around which he had woven such a halo. He saw that all was over, and, throwing up his hands with a despairing gesture, he bowed graciously and left the room with the constable.

All Miltonville had the story next day, and waited no less eagerly than before for the "settin' of co't."

To the anger and chagrin of Miltonvillians, Fox Run had the honor and distinction of being the county seat, and thither they must go to the sessions; but never did they so forget their animosities as on the day set for the trial of Scatters. They overlooked the pride of the Fox Runners, their cupidity and their vaunting arrogance. They ignored the indignity of showing interest in anything that took place in that village, and went in force, eager, anxious and curious. A-horse, a-foot, by ox-cart, by mule-wagon, white, black, high, low, old and young of both sexes invaded Fox Run and swelled the crowd of onlookers until, with pity for the very anxiety of the people, the humane judge decided to discard the now inadequate court-room and hold the sessions on the village green. Here an impromptu bar was set up, and over against it were ranged the benches, chairs and camp-stools of the spectators.

Every man of prominence in the county was present. Major Richardson, though now retired, occupied a distinguished position within the bar. Old Captain Howard shook hands familiarly with the judge and nodded to the assembly as though he himself had invited them all to be present. Former Judge Durbin sat with his successor on the bench.

Court opened and the first case was called. It gained but passing attention. There was bigger game to be stalked. A hog-stealing case fared a little better on account of the intimateness of the crime involved. But nothing was received with such awed silence as the case of the State against Joseph Scatters. The charge was obtaining money under false pretences and the plea "Not Guilty."

The witnesses were called and their testimony taken. Mr. Scatters was called to testify in his own defence, but refused to do so. The prosecution stated its case and proceeded to sum up the depositions of the witnesses. As there was no attorney for the defence, the State's attorney delivered a short speech, in which the guilt of the defendant was plainly set forth. It was as clear as day. Things looked very dark for Mr. Scatters of Cuba.

As the lawyer sat down, and ere the case could be given to the jury, he rose and asked permission of the Court to say a few words.

This was granted him.

He stood up among them, a magnificent, strong, black figure. His eye swept the assembly, judge, jury and spectators with a look half amusement, half defiance.

"I have pleaded not guilty," he began in a low, distinct voice that could be heard in every part of the inclosure, "and I am not guilty of the spirit which is charged against me, however near the letter may touch me. I did use certain knowledge that I possessed, and the seal which I happened to have from an old government position, to defraud—that is the word, if you will—to defraud these men out of the price of their vanity and their cupidity. But it was not a long-premeditated thing. I was within a few miles of your town before the idea occurred to me. I was in straits. I stepped from the brink of great poverty into the midst of what you are pleased to deem a greater crime."

The court held its breath. No such audacity had ever been witnessed in the life of Fox Run.

Scatters went on, warming to his subject as he progressed. He was eloquent and he was pleasing. A smile flickered over the face of Major Richardson and was reflected in the features of many others as the speaker burst forth:

"Gentlemen, I maintain that instead of imprisoning you should thank me for what I have done. Have I not taught your community a lesson? Have I not put a check upon their credulity and made them wary of unheralded strangers?"

He had. There was no disputing that. The judge himself was smiling, and the jurymen were nodding at each other.

Scatters had not yet played his trump card. He saw that the time was ripe. Straightening his form and raising his great voice, he cried, "Gentlemen, I am guilty according to the letter of the law, but from that I appeal to the men who make and have made the law. From the hard detail of this new day, I appeal to the chivalry of the old South which has been told in story and sung in song. From men of vindictiveness I appeal to men of mercy. From plebeians to aristocrats. By the memory of the sacred names of the Richardsons"—the Major sat bolt upright and dropped his snuff-box—"the Durbins"—the ex-judge couldn't for his life get his pince-nez on—"the Howards"—the Captain openly rubbed his hands—"to the memory that those names call up I appeal, and to the living and honorable bearers of them present. And to you, gentlemen of the jury, the lives of whose fathers went to purchase this dark and bloody ground, I appeal from the accusation of these men, who are not my victims, not my dupes, but their own."

There was a hush when he was done. The judge read the charge to the jury, and it was favorable—very. And—well, Scatters had taught the darkies a lesson; he had spoken of their families and their traditions, he knew their names, and—oh, well, he was a good fellow after all—what was the use—

The jury did not leave their seats, and the verdict was acquitted.

Scatters thanked the Court and started away; but he met three ominous-looking pairs of eyes, and a crowd composed of angry negroes was flocking toward the edge of the green.

He came back.

"I think I had better wait until the excitement subsides," he said to Major Richardson.

"No need of that, suh, no need of that. Here, Jim," he called to his coachman, "take Mr. Scatters wherever he wants to go, and remember, I shall hold you responsible for his safety."

"Yes, suh," said Jim.

"A thousand thanks, Major," said the man with the mission.

"Not at all, suh. By the way, that was a very fine effort of yours this afternoon. I was greatly moved by it. If you'll give me your address I'll send you a history of our family, suh, from the time they left Vuhginia and before."

Mr. Scatters gave him the address, and smiled at his three enemies, who still waited on the edge of the green.

"To the station," he said to the driver.

THE END

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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

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A GREAT CITY attracts throngs of women who are ready to turn their education to account in professional lines. Journalism offers an inviting field to many clever college graduates, and they scorn its difficulties, while they resolutely seek to earn a living in its lower rounds. A study of our daily and weekly press reveals a gradual change in the recognition of women as indefatigable readers, and much more space than formerly is accorded to topics supposed to be essentially feminine. The distaff is no longer ignored.

The young woman who writes picturesque paragraphs, who sees what is going on in town and describes it tersely, wittily, and with vivid color, finds a demand for her pen. The girl who may never reach the first rank among artists, but whose pencil is accurate and facile, and who can draw fashions or occasional piquant illustrations, may not make a fortune, but she may be sure, if her work is good, and she is industrious, of earning a weekly wage. The young woman who has a position as private secretary, paid by the hour or the task, the stenographer, the visiting housekeeper, the music teacher, and the governess, going to her pupils for a morning or an afternoon, all belong to the order of women whose earnings, while not magnificent, are enough to support them in a degree of comfort.

THE GIRL WHO EARNS HER LIVING

IN THE sudden changes of fortune which have come to our business world during the last few decades, many of our young girls, utterly unprepared, have often found themselves obliged to earn a livelihood, not only for themselves, but for aged parents, who have broken down under the strain of striving against circumstances, or else perhaps for a tribe of little brothers and sisters whom death has left without other support.

When such a girl cries, "What shall I do?" there is a stereotyped reply to be made. "Do whatever comes to hand, no matter what, so long as it is honorable, *and educate yourself for something better*." For, in a greater number of cases than could possibly be believed by one who did not know, the aspirant for a business career lacks the ordinary education and perception which is a necessity for advancement in the business world. It is perhaps trite to say that the last decade of the nineteenth century shows an advance entirely out of proportion to that of any previous ten years, because it is a self-evident fact to all thinking minds. But it is sometimes good for one to have a self-evident fact borne in upon one's consciousness, since one is apt to grow careless in observing the significance of every-day things.

THE WIDER CULTURE

In nothing, however, has the last decade to show greater improvement than in methods of education. This paper is not designed as a disquisition upon "schools" or "systems" or "colleges," because these depend more or less upon circumstances, or the hobbies of various members of the faculty, or the fad of the hour. The purpose here is to take Education (spelled with a capital) in its broader sense, partly outside of books and wholly away from the personal magnetism or watchful supervision of the instructor.

The first and greatest thing that has been done has been the arousing of an individual interest for self-culture. The second has been the opening up of ways and means for obtaining the self-culture coveted without interfering with the daily avocations necessary for the earning of daily bread. Comparatively few women had "avocations" fifty years ago. In most cases their lives were bounded by the attic above, the cellar below, the parlor to the right, the kitchen and preserve closet on the left. But to-day, the world is teeming with women who are not only glad of existing opportunities, but who are learning to avail themselves of them. There are, however, so many gates open, leading to rich and wonderful pastures, that women are frequently at a loss to know which to enter. And only too often they make the mistake of walking a little while in one field, and then leaving it to try another, instead of keeping on in one definite path until some desirable goal is reached. This difficulty will perhaps have adjusted itself by another generation, but at present it is a problem which can only be successfully solved through individual effort and strict self-examination as to taste and ability.

SUPERFICIALITY RAMPANT

Night-schools with a broad curriculum, classes and lectures on all sides and on all conceivable topics, meet the wants of many. But financial obstacles may arise. In order to pursue the courses of reading ordinarily prescribed, money must be forthcoming for books, unless a good public library be at hand. There is a course of reading, however, which may be pursued for an amount so trifling that any one desirous of undertaking it may obtain the necessary funds at a small self-sacrifice. Now that I have broached the subject, I am almost afraid to discuss it because it will seem so commonplace and disappointing. But the plunge must be taken. The course of reading referred to is—the *Dictionary* and the *Grammar-book*.

It is a lamentable fact that many thousands of men and women are entirely ignorant of the use, abuse and meaning of hundreds of our every-day words. To the business man, this is a most annoying defect in an employé. It is also a fact that a young girl will aspire to be a stenographer and typewriter when she cannot spell correctly six consecutive words, and when she uses "I seen" and "I done" in her daily conversation. (If she desires to be specially elegant, she says, "I have saw.") As to the difference between the value of a colon and that of a semicolon, it is Greek to her. She also has a hazy idea as to definitions, and will put into her letters any word that seems to strike her ear. A stenographer, to be of real value, should know instinctively which is the only possible word for the occasion, no matter what "it sounded like." But "extant" will be made "extent," or "preclude" be turned into "conclude" or "exclude"! Should the dictator say "inscription," it is quite likely to become "subscription" or "conscription" or "description," whichever the person taking the dictation happens to have "thought you said."

LEARN THE ALPHABET FIRST!

Suppose, however, a young girl has no desire to be a stenographer. Well, then, even as a plain clerk, she is far more valuable for having a wide knowledge of the uses and definitions of English words. More than one clerk has been termed "stupid" when she was merely ignorant of the definitions of English words. "Diagonally" conveys no impression to her, for she has always said "criss-cross" or "bias." Not only to the stenographer and clerk is this knowledge of English words valuable. The nurse or companion to an invalid, for instance, finds it among her duties to read aloud. What torture for the nervous or the sick to listen when the reader is so ignorant of the force and meaning of the printed words that they might as well be in a foreign tongue!

By all means let our girls acquire advanced education. Let them learn French, Greek, higher mathematics—tackle all the "ologies," the arts, and the sciences at the same time, but not until they have a well-grounded knowledge of the spelling, definitions and grammar of their mother tongue. A certain young society woman was the despair of her French instructor. He was puzzled at what seemed extraordinary stupidity on her part. "But, madame," he remonstrated, "that is the verb, not the noun, and must be spelled *so*." "But, professor," replied the student, opening wide, innocent eyes on him, "what *is* a verb? I do not know the difference between the two!" What hope would there have been for this woman, sweet, charming, lovable, entertaining as she was, had she been thrown on her own resources!

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THE MERRY CARNIVAL OF MI-CARÊME IN TRINIDAD

HEAT IN FEBRUARY AND MASKS EVERYWHERE

FOR TWO DAYS in the middle of February of each year the town of Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, is given over entirely to the Carnival. February in that land falls within the time of the dry season—the winter—when the weather is fine and the days are clear. But this opinion of the climate is based on the judgment of the people who know the wet season. The heat becomes so intense after ten o'clock in the morning that the stranger then begins to count up the number of hours until the coming of night and the departure of sunlight. If you mention the fact to one who has lived long in this island that you feel warm on these days, the man will invariably reply:

"Do you think this warm? Come into the shade, then. But this is splendid weather. This is our winter, you know. You ought to be here in the wet season!"

And the stranger is pleased enough to remember that he intends going away before the wet season begins. The people who take part in the Carnival, however, are for the most part natives, who consider the weather everything that could be desired.

In much the same way that Christmas is heralded with us, the advent of Carnival time becomes evident, weeks before, in the decorations of the shop-windows. Every shop has its Carnival goods for sale. Here, in a small cigar store, strung above the rows of open cigar boxes and little piles of cigarettes, hangs a string of gauze masks, rounded in shape, poorly made, and all alike. Here, in the huge window of a dry goods store, is exhibited, between men's business suits on one side and rolls of cloth on the other, a giddy-hued jacket with knickerbockers and stockings to match—an appropriate garb for the Carnival. There, in a butcher's shop, swung from one shoulder of mutton to another, appears again the line of masks. And there is much talk concerning the event. The lanky, quiet-faced man with the keen eyes, who spends the warm part of the day in a rocking-chair on the hotel piazza, gives his advice about the matter. "If you have never seen it," he says, "you had better take it in. It is one of the sights, but you don't have to see it a second time. Go to the Ice House. That is always the centre. You will see all you want to there."

Another man—of small stature—is in charge of some despatching work on the railroad tracks near the wharfs. He wears a mustache grown too big for his face, and at intervals he interrupts his talk by puffing the heavy growth of hair away from his mouth, as if he were constantly blustering in order to appear bigger than he is. "Go to the Ice House," he says. (Puff.) "There'll be fun there. High jinks, I tell you!" (Puff.) "An' so you've never seen a Carnival? Well, this will show you something. A few years ago"—(puff)—"there used to be two gangs here, and they used to go parading around the streets hunting for each other. When they met they'd have a hot fight; then all hands would take a drink, and the two gangs would separate and go hunting for each other again. But the Ice House is the best now." (Puff.) "Going to try to get up there myself."

SERENADING A SPECIALTY

Early in the morning of the first day of the Carnival I witnessed the costumed folks begin to appear in the streets. There was no sudden blare of trumpets to announce the opening of the fête. Nothing happens suddenly in Trinidad. Things simply occur in the course of the usual routine. They arrive unmarked by any definite beginning, without exciting any special surprise, or eliciting more than a passing comment. You well know the day when the Carnival will come, because it has been talked of before; yet when the first squad of clowns marched past the hotel piazza the old gentleman glanced up over the top of his paper, and then continued reading; the keen-eyed man looked after them, became lost in thought of other things, his gaze unconsciously following the bright spot of color; and the hotel proprietor stood in the doorway for a moment, and then turned away to his desk. They all knew King Carnival had come. Of course he had, for this was the day appointed, and so there was nothing more to be said about it!

As the day advanced, choirs of singers went by, and then more. After a time a company of minstrels stopped to serenade the hotel. One man, dressed in an old cutaway coat and a battered tall hat, played a tune on a fiddle, a second accompanied the tune on a guitar, while a third pretended to dance on a pair of stilts. There were, besides, two or three women in the company in loose, low-necked dresses, which reached to their knees, and they kept beating on tambourines and on tin pans in order that they also might be thought to belong to the band. All of them wore masks. Each man was attired according to his own pleasure. But the women were dressed alike, and all the brown shoulders and bare brown arms were covered with white powder. At the conclusion of the piece the man on the stilts bent down to his audience, who were at breakfast, and, when he had collected in his hat all the pennies he thought would be given him, the band proceeded to the next house, there to repeat their programme and collect more pennies. And so they went on from one dwelling to another. They continued round the Savannah until they came to the Governor's house; here the last serenade was given. Then they marched away altogether from the district where the élite of Trinidad reside, and went back again into the crowds which were thronging the streets of the town, meeting their fellows at the rendezvous in the Ice House.

This continued throughout the morning. Sometimes the company consisted of three clowns only, who were very boisterous and played leap-frog. Sometimes it was a positive orchestra executing a serenade, the dresses of the men and the women being carefully matched, and the "musicians" having done a certain amount of previous rehearsing.

"I wish these people would stay longer," said the keen-eyed man when such a company was bowing itself away. "Not that they're good," he continued, "but they keep the poorer ones from bothering us more. Do you want to go down town?"

He stood up as he finished speaking. He was rather tall and very thin, with a languid manner about all his movements, so that it seemed as if he did not become entirely straightened up until we had left the hotel some little distance behind, when suddenly, becoming conscious of his slow walk, he braced back his narrow shoulders and stepped out at a livelier gait. This man smiled only on rare occasions, and even then the smile lasted but a moment, as who should say, "Yes, that was amusing, but you see this other matter is serious."

TERPSICHOREAN AGITATORS AND THE ICE HOUSE

At the corner of the first side street we met one of the last of the serenading bands just starting on its tour of the "uptown" district. The main figure of this band was a man with the head and body of a huge imitation hen set on his shoulders; and in the representation of that bird he waltzed about and bobbed up and down in time to the

DRESSED FOR THE BALL AT THE ICE HOUSE

BY GUY H. SCULL, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN TRINIDAD. PICTURES BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

music as the company proceeded along the street. A child with its nurse stood on the curbstone looking on at the performance. The child seemed greatly pleased, insisting that the nurse should be sure to see what was going forward. The keen-eyed man watched the child as we passed.

The sun by this time had risen high. The noon hour had come. Yet in spite of the intense heat we found the streets of the town densely thronged with people. Those in costume moved chiefly in the roadway; those come to view the spectacle stood on the sidewalks, or crowded the windows of the houses and cafés. There seemed to be no one in authority to govern the proceedings of the Carnival, nor any definite purpose beyond that of continually wandering through the streets dressed in curious costumes and wearing masks. Along the principal thoroughfares the mob was thickest. But there was no ill-humor in that crowd, and only now and then the sound of short-lived laughter rose above the incessant murmur of talk and the snatches of song and the music of fiddlers from the bands. The people moved slowly, or stood still in the sunlight, the performers and the onlookers mingling together as unmindful of each other as though this was the every-day state of affairs in Trinidad.

For the most part the bands kept together. At one corner we saw a company dressed in light green and wearing huge hats with sweeping feathers. They were gathered about one of their number who waved a conductor's baton above his head, and they sang a tuneless chant while the crowd on the sidewalks listened with absolute unconcern. At the next corner stood another band, composed chiefly of women dressed as British soldiers. They looked like the personages of some ballet—off the stage and without the glare of the footlights upon them. A man in the uniform of a drum major was reciting some doggerel poem which seemed without end, and at the termination of each verse the line of ballet girls behind him would sing a few words by way of refrain.

"There's some political meaning to that speech," explained the keen-eyed man. "See the faces of the crowd."

From here it was only a short distance to the Ice House—the universal meeting-place of the Carnival revellers. The Ice House was a hotel, with the barroom and the ballroom combined in one large hall on the first story. As we ascended the stairs there were many people both going up and coming down, and from above could be heard the sound of loud talking, and music, and strained laughter. The hall was filled with Carnival folk. The air was hot, and smelled strong of cheap perfume and cigarette smoke. The bar ran the length of one side of the room. Here, along the edge, lay on the floor a line of débris of broken glasses, straws and cigar ends which had been kicked against the bar, out of the way. In the centre of the room were the musicians perpetually playing the same tune, over and over again, while the women in their short skirts whirled about in a crazy kind of dance, which had neither beginning, nor end, nor system, nor time; the men danced with the women, or wandered about aimlessly, or drank at the bar. Little groups of people would collect in all parts of the hall, so that there was little room left for the dancers. When a couple bumped into a group some one would usually fall down. This had a tendency to interrupt conversation, but if the spirit moved them the couple would resume their rotations.

OBSTINATE FIDDLERS AND PERSISTENT DRINKERS

All the doors and windows were open to the bright sunlight of the early afternoon, yet the atmosphere inside hung heavy with many smells. On the bare arms and shoulders of the women the running sweat left lines of black through the white powder. The musicians sat slumped in their chairs, playing without pause. They never looked up, nor spoke even one to another, but seemed to be dozing over their instruments which they continued to play in their sleep. At times a wild couple would knock the chair from under one of them, and he would pick himself up to go on as before—without complaint. Through the laughter, the noisy jabbering, the mumbling of an ever-moving mass of people, and the tread of many feet in the dance, that orchestra played and played that same unending tune for ever and ever.

The tall man had settled himself against the corner where the bar met the wall, staring with half-closed eyes into the clouds of cigarette smoke which floated above the heads of the dancers. "Not quite the same as we are led to imagine happened in the old days," he said. "But I suppose these people enjoy it—yes, I suppose they do." A fat woman, attired in the garb of a five-year-old child, arm in arm with a younger, more slender woman, waddled up to the bar, breathing heavily and sweating much. They lifted their masks enough to drink the beer, and the fat one clasped both her hands round the glass. "They enjoy it," continued the tall man, "the same as that stout individual enjoys her beer."

From that corner of the bar you could look through one of the open windows on to the balcony which ran along the outside of the building. Here there was a line of rickety chairs on the unpainted flooring of the balcony, with their backs against the unpainted railing. These were originally intended for seats from which respectable matrons might watch the ball, only now each chair contained the form of a man or a woman sleeping off the fumes of alcohol. Some heads were thrown back on the railing, with the mouth open and the legs extended straight. Some heads were sunk on the chest with the knees drawn up. Almost the whole row snored loudly. The bedraggled costumes, the painted faces, the sweat-lined, powdered shoulders—especially the man who had fallen asleep before his mug of beer was empty, and so still held it down at arms-length at his side—all seen in the light of broad day enhanced the desperate appearance of the scene.

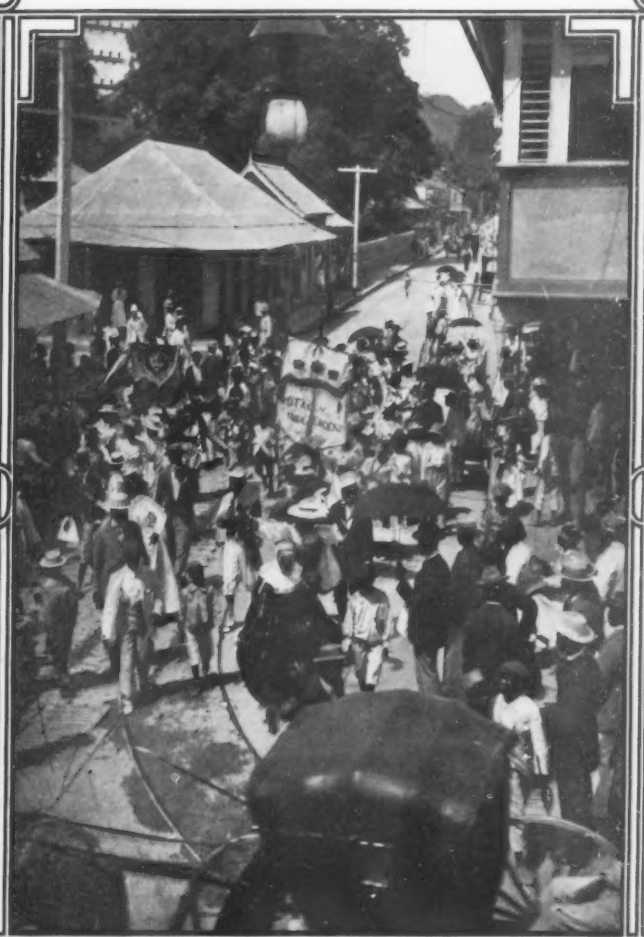
Yet the dance continued regardless of those fallen by the way. As the afternoon wore away the crowd became more active, the laughs more shrill and high-pitched. The fat woman began to fight with her younger friend, because a man had danced with the younger and not with her. She had caught her junior by the hair, screaming curses at her in Spanish. Then the two were separated, and the fat woman was plumped down in a chair and sat upon, which opportunity she seized to fall soundly asleep.

The little man with the big mustache, who worked at the station, passed by on his way to the centre of the bar.

(Puff.) "So you got here?" he said. "Got here myself. High jinks, eh?"

"This will continue the same all night," said the tall man. "Are you ready to go?"

We passed through the crowd and down the stairs, with the noise of the laughter and the talk, and the sound of that eternal tune pursuing us, until the slam of the front door shut it in behind us, and we stood in the street with its signs of the outer Carnival all about. But the heart of the Carnival lived within the Ice House.



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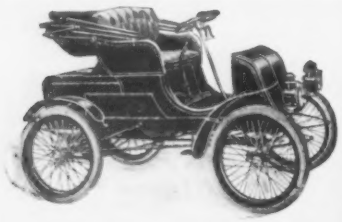

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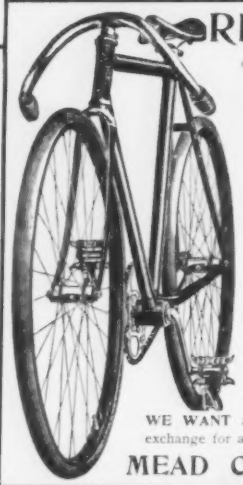

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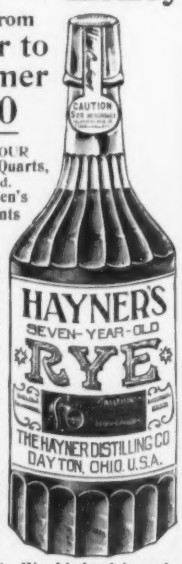

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NEAR GRANT'S TOMB—FOLLOWING A "QUAD"

AN AFTERNOON SPIN ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

AT THE ENTRANCE OF PROSPECT PARK

A REPAIR SHOP BY THE ROADSIDE

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

ICE HOCKEY

THE match played between the St. Nicholas and the New York Athletic Club in the amateur hockey tournament settled the championship of the League. Had the New York team put up a winning game, the Crescent Athletic organization would not for the third time have won the championship. Early in the season the St. Nicholas and New York teams met and New York won, but the game was thrown out on account of the ineligibility of one of the New York players—Howard. It was decided that the game should be played without Howard on the team, and that was the occasion for this match. Neither side scored in the two halves of twenty minutes each and an extra period of ten minutes was ordered, in which time Barron of the St. Nicholas sent the puck through the goal, thus winning the game for St. Nicholas and the championship of the League for the Crescent Club.

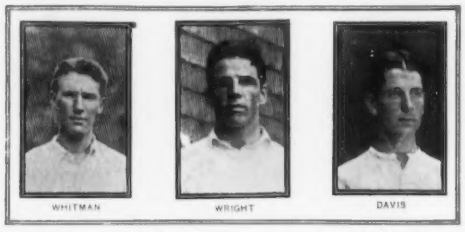
PROFESSIONAL OARSMEN AS COLLEGE COACHES

The appearance of Josh Ward in college rowing is a final fitting example of the ease with which the old professional gradually becomes the instructor of youth. This now puts in the college field, of the old professional rowing talent, Courtney, Hanlan, Ward (Ellis and Josh), O'Dea, besides first-class men like Kennedy, Vail, and Donovan.

Josh Ward is reported to be engaged to take charge of the Pennsylvania crew that will row at Poughkeepsie. Ellis will look after them as well as the Henley eight until the time that the Henley crew leave for England, after which Josh will have control.

Josh Ward was a good oarsman himself and a first-class waterman. Ellis will be obliged to show him, however, certain changes which he himself has made in the interests of eight-oared shell rowing over the former methods of the Ward brothers.

Josh Ward is one of the five Ward brothers who, thirty years ago, did such fine work in American rowing. In 1859 Josh was the American champion, and at that time he rowed five miles with a turn in competition in 35 minutes and 10 seconds. In 1871 Hank, Josh, Gill, and Ellis in the international regatta against six crews, four American and two English, won the four-mile race in 24 minutes and 40 seconds.



WHITMAN — WRIGHT — DAVIS

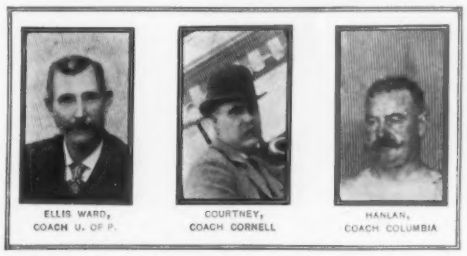
INTERNATIONAL TENNIS

It is finally announced that the Englishmen will again compete for the Davis Challenge trophy, but the place of that meeting has not yet been determined upon. It is to be hoped that the men who come over will be stronger representatives than those of last year. Without detracting in any way from the credit of the victory of the Americans, it was generally admitted that the men who came did not bear the same relation to English tennis that our representatives did to ours. If the Doherty brothers come here there will be some real sport, although we certainly look to Whitman to hold his own. He is the best man we have ever had at the game, and if he keeps in shape—and there is no more conscientious man about his work when he is preparing—there will be few Americans who will admit that even Doherty can hold him. WALTER CAMP.

THE VOGUE OF THE WHEEL

IS THE vogue of the wheel on the wane?

Pertinently it has been said that the bicycle is the poor man's horse. Nor has it ceased to be the rich man's hobby. Equally at the convenience of youth and maiden, it is not forsworn by parents nor despised by grandparents. The enjoyment of its use is not restricted by sex, age or social standing. As a contributor to health and happiness, perhaps also to knowledge, it has exceeded any other single invention in the history of mankind. Why then question its status? Under such exceptional conditions should not its popularity be enduring? Yet, in some quarters, its status is questioned. Because of the natural abatement of public clamor over its use the impression rather widely prevails that the bicycle is declining in favor. The decreased numbers of cycle riders seen on some of the once popular wheeling routes, the fewer



ELLIS WARD, COACH U. OF P. — COURTNEY, COACH CORNELL — HANLAN, COACH COLUMBIA

beginners wabbling dangerously from curb to curb, that one is required to dodge, the absence of decided novelty in wheel construction, the addition of other selling lines to the stock of cycle salesrooms, and, finally, the phenomenal growth of the automobile industry are pointed to as evidence of the passing of the bicycle. May not these, instead, be used as arguments to demonstrate its permanency?

WHY THE TRADE IS FLOURISHING

The suggestion that the vogue of the wheel is waning is ridiculed by the trade. Viewed from a commercial standpoint, the cycle industry in the United States is on a more satisfactory basis at the present time than ever before. The consolidation of many of the larger plants and the defensive combination of manufacturers not included in the so-called "Cycle Trust" have been productive of a closer working alliance between members of the retail trade and the makers whose wheels they sell. Small dealers, whose responsibility was often doubtful and who thrived only during abnormal business conditions, have given place to experienced sales managers in whom the manufacturers and the purchasing public may place confidence.

The improvement in quality of new-century models, the fixing of prices on a rock-bottom schedule and the widespread understanding among cycle riders as to what constitutes a high-grade machine makes the task of buying and selling simpler and quicker than heretofore. This has enabled the dealer to add other lines to his stock and not infrequently automobiles and sporting goods will be found in the same retail establishment as bicycles.

As the retail trade is regarded as the pulse of the industry, it is worthy of note that at the present time cycle factories in many sections of the United States are working to their fullest capacity to fill orders already given by local dealers. In the South and West particularly, the demand is more excessive than at the corresponding period of any previous year.

To those who wisely use the two-wheeled machine the joys of cycling will never be on the wane. It was W. H. H. Murray, sometimes called the "Evangelist of Outdoor Life," who, though he had himself never ridden a bicycle, paid the following tribute to the wheel:

"ADIRONDACK" MURRAY'S TRIBUTE

"The bicycle is open to all the people and brings to all the opportunity of rare and delightful recreation. It connects the workshop and the home of the mechanic with a line of stimulating and pleasurable exercise. It widens the area of happy companionship, and multiplies the facilities of social intercourse. It adds variety and charm to family life; gives to the weary brainworker release from thought; assists the convalescent to health, and meets beyond any other vehicle the necessities of any emergency that calls for instant and rapid transit. It is giving to hundreds and thousands daily a knowledge of country scenes and life, of woods and streams, of shrubs and flowers and the joy of life and movement in the open air, which, without it, would be forever hidden from them. It deserves the favor with which it is regarded; for the pleasure it has given and the good it has done are beyond estimate."

BICYCLE TOURISTS, AND ROUTES FOR 1901

To the intelligent tourist who desires to travel inexpensively or be brought into close touch with the scenes he visits the bicycle strongly appeals. Not every one may go to Europe, but almost every one may go on a cycle tour. No other means of conveyance is operated so cheaply and few afford so favorable an opportunity of viewing a country and its people at close range. With touring parties in the Eastern States two dollars frequently is the estimate of daily expenses, this amount including hotel rates when stops are not made in the larger cities.

The present year promises to be a notable one with American cycle tourists, principally for the reason that many persons have planned to wheel, by easy stages, to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. Already touring parties are being arranged to the Exposition from Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Boston, Cleveland and Detroit. From New York to Buffalo there are two favorite routes over fairly good roads. One is via Tarrytown, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Utica, Palmyra and Rochester; the other via Delaware Water Gap,

KENNEDY, CAPT. YALE LAUNCH — VAIL, COACH NEWELL — DONOVAN, COACH WELD

Scranton, Binghamton and Elmira. The latter route is through a mountainous district, but the beauty of the scenery well repays a strong rider for the extra work entailed. With most of the Buffalo tours Niagara Falls will be an objective point. In one run planned from New York the four hundred and sixty-five miles to Buffalo will be covered in five days.

J. H. GERRIE.

EVERY able-bodied person should have a BICYCLE.

No other one thing can contribute more to physical enjoyment and mental recreation. A cyclist who has a COLUMBIA has the satisfaction of knowing that nobody else owns a better wheel. HARTFORDS are also splendid bicycles, and we guarantee that our VEDETTES, although low in price, will give long and excellent service.

MODELS for 1901: Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless, $75; Columbia Chain Wheels, $50; Hartfords, $35; Vedettes, $25. Coaster Brake, $5 extra.

Catalog of any Columbia dealer, or by mail, free.

COLUMBIA SALES DEPARTMENT
Hartford, Conn.

Stranger Than Fiction

A Remedy Which Has Revolutionized the Treatment of Stomach Troubles.

The remedy is not heralded as a wonderful discovery nor yet a secret patent medicine, neither is it claimed to cure anything except dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles with which nine out of ten suffer.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant tasting tablets or lozenges, containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (government test), golden seal and diastase. The tablets are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Many interesting experiments to test the digestive power of Stuart's Tablets show that one grain of the active principle contained in them is sufficient to thoroughly digest 3,000 grains of raw meat, eggs and other wholesome food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like after-dinner pills and cheap cathartics, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines without having any effect whatever in digesting food or curing indigestion.

If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach.

This is the secret, if there is any secret, of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a remedy practically unknown a few years ago and now the most widely known of any treatment for stomach weakness.

This success has been secured entirely upon its merits as a digestive pure and simple, because there can be no stomach trouble if the food is promptly digested.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act entirely on the food eaten, digesting it completely, so that it can be assimilated into blood, nerve and tissue. They cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power which weak stomachs lack, and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to cure by the use of "tonics," "pills" and cathartics which have absolutely no digestive power.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found at all drug stores, and the regular use of one or two of them after meals will demonstrate their merit better than any other argument.

THE ETERNAL CITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

The good fellow was in the shadow behind him, pushing things about under some pretext and trying to make a noise. When he came into the light, David Rossi could see by the expression of his face, under its unfailing good-humor, that he had something to say to him.

"Want anything else to-night, sir?"

"Not to-night, Bruno. Give this to Francesca for the boy when he comes from the office, and go to bed. Elena has gone?"

"Just gone, sir."

"And Joseph, of course?"

"Fast asleep these three hours."

"Dear little man! Don't let me keep you up, Bruno."

"Sure you don't want anything, sir?" said Bruno with confusion.

David Rossi rose and walked about the room with his slow step.

"You have something to say to me, haven't you?"

"Well, yes, sir—yes, I have."

"What is it?"

Bruno scratched his shock head and looked about as if for help. His eyes fell on the letter lying open in the light on the desk.

"It's about that, sir. I knew where it came from by the color and the monogram."

"Well?"

Bruno began to look frightened, and then in a louder voice, that bubbled out of his mouth like water from the neck of a bottle, he said:

"Tell you the truth, sir, people are talking about you."

"What are they saying, Bruno?"

"Saying? . . . I knocked a man down for it less than an hour ago. He was drunk, but truth comes out with the wine, and what's the use if it's true?"

"If what is true, old friend?"

"That something has come between you and the people."

"They're saying that, are they?"

"They are. And doesn't it look like it, sir? You'll allow it looks like it anyway. When you started the Republic, sir, the people had hopes of you. But a month is gone and you haven't done a thing."

David Rossi, with head down, continued to walk to and fro.

"'Patience,' I'm saying. 'Go slow and sure,' says I. That's all right, sir, but the Government is going fast enough. Forty thousand men enlisted to keep the people quiet, and when the bread tax begins on the first of the month the blessed saints know what will happen. A man might as well die of a bullet as of the want of bread, and six feet of earth are the same for all."

David Rossi did not reply, and from fear alone Bruno went on repeating himself.

"When you started the Republic, sir, the people had hopes of you. But a month is gone, and you haven't done a thing. Not a thing . . . and a month is gone and . . ."

"What do the people say is the reason I do nothing?"

"The reason? Ever hear the saying, 'Sun in the eyes, the battle lost'? That's the reason, sir. Sun in the eyes—you know what that means. To-morrow night we ought to hold our first meeting of the Committee of Direction. You called it yourself, sir, yet they're laying odds you won't be here. Where will you be? In the house of a bad woman."

"Bruno!" cried Rossi, with a stern and angry voice, "what right have you to talk to me like that?"

Bruno was frightened at what he had said, but he tried to carry it off with a look of passion.

"Right? The right of a friend, sir, who can't stand by and see you betrayed. Yes, betrayed, that's the word for it. Betrayed! Betrayed! It's a plot to ruin the people through the weakness of their leader. A woman drawn across a man's trail. The trick is as old as the ages. Never heard what we say in Rome?—the man is fire, the woman is tow, then comes the devil and puts them together."

David Rossi was standing face to face with Bruno, who was growing hot and trying to laugh bitterly.

"Oh, I know what I'm saying, sir. The Prime Minister is at the bottom of everything. David Rossi never goes to Donna Roma's house but the Baron Bonnino knows all about it. They write to each other every day, and I've posted her letters myself. *Her* house is *his* house. Carriage, horses, servants, liveries—how else could she support it? By her art, her sculpture?"

Bruno was still frightened to the bottom of his soul, but he continued to talk and to laugh bitterly.

"She's deceiving you, sir. Isn't it as plain as daylight? You hit her hard, and old Vampire too, in your speech on the morning of the Pope's Jubilee, and she's paying you out for both of them."

"That's enough, Bruno."

"All Rome knows it, and everybody will be laughing at you soon."

"You've said enough, I tell you. Go to bed."

"Oh, I know! The heart has its reasons, but it listens to none."

"Go to bed, I tell you," cried David Rossi; and then Bruno was silent, for he was angry in earnest at last.

"Isn't it sufficient that by your tittle-tattle you caused me to wrong the lady?"

"*I* did?"

"*You* did."

"I did not."

"You did, and if it hadn't been for the tales you told me before I knew her or had ever seen her I should never have spoken of her as I did."

"She deserved all you said of her."

"She didn't deserve one word of it, and your lies made me libel her."

Bruno's eyes flinched as if a blow had fallen on them. Then he tried to laugh. "Hit me again! The skin of the ass is used to blows. Only don't go too far with me, David Rossi."

"Then don't you go too far with your falsehood and suspicion."

"Suspicion! Holy Virgin! Is it suspicion that she has had you at her studio to make a Roman holiday for her friends and cronies? By the saints! Suspicion!"

And Bruno, losing himself, laughed until the room rang.

"Go on if it becomes you."

"If what becomes me?"

"To eat her bread and talk against her."

"That's a lie, David Rossi, and you know it. It's my own bread I'm eating. My labor belongs to me and I sell it to my mistress. But my conscience belongs to God and she cannot buy it."

David Rossi's white and angry face broke up like a snowflake in the sun.

"I was wrong when I said that, Bruno, and I ask your pardon."

The fierce light in Bruno's eyes was gone in a moment.

"Do you say that, sir? And after I've insulted you?"

David Rossi held out his hand, and Bruno clasped it.

"I had no right to be angry with you, Bruno, but you were wrong about Donna Roma. Believe me, dear friend, cruelly, awfully, terribly wrong."

"You think she is a good woman?"

"I know she is, and if I said otherwise I take it back and am ashamed."

"Beautiful! If I could only believe in her as you do, sir. But I've known her for two years."

"And I've known her for twenty."

Bruno's face expressed astonishment.

"Shall I tell you who she is? She is the daughter of my old friend in England."

"The one who died at Elba?"

"Yes."

"The good man who found you and fed you and educated you when you were a boy in London?"

"That was the father of Donna Roma."

"Then he was Prince Volonna after all?"

"Yes. They lied to me when they told me she was dead and buried."

Bruno was silent for a moment, and then in a choking voice he said:

"Why didn't you strike me down dead when I said she was deceiving you? Forgive me, sir."

"I do forgive you, Bruno, but not for myself—for her."

Bruno turned away with a dazed expression. As he opened the door the light fell on the phonograph which rested on the piano in the outer room, and he pointed to it and said:

"Was it this that told you, sir?"

David Rossi bent his head.

"Was that the message on the cylinder?"

Again Rossi bent his head. "It was my old friend's dying message, telling me where his daughter was, and what dangers surrounded her, and calling on me to save and protect her."

Bruno returned a pace or two.

"Perhaps that was what took you—there?"

"Yes."

"And to carry out your mission you let the fools and feather-brains insult you and laugh at you?"

"Yes."

Bruno's eyes began to shine and run over.

"Forget what I said about going to Donna Roma's, sir."

David Rossi sat down and took up his pen.

"No, I cannot forget it," he said. "I *will* not forget it. I will go there no more."

"Then you have carried out your old friend's wish, sir?"

"God knows! I've done my best. Anyhow it's all over."

"You intend to break off the connection?"

David Rossi did not reply.

"Why should you if she is your old friend's daughter?"

"Bruno, have you forgotten what I told you the night she came here first, that if I ever found myself caring too much for any one I should fly away from her?"

Illustration shows machine closed, to be used as sewing table, stand or desk.

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"But why . . . if she's a good woman?"

"Do you remember the visit of Charles Minghetti?"

"Yes, sir."

"He wanted to make his public work a channel for his personal feelings, and I flung him out of the house."

"Well?"

"If I go one step further I shall be in the same case myself."

Bruno was silent for a moment, and then he said in a thick voice:

"I understand! God help you, David Rossi. It's a lonely road you mean to travel."

David Rossi drew a long breath, and made ready to write.

"I shall be present at the meeting to-morrow, Bruno. Good-night!"

"Good-night," said Bruno, and the good fellow went out with wet eyes.

The night was far gone and the city lay still while Rossi replied to Roma:

"MY DEAR R——: You have nothing to reproach yourself with in regard to my poor doings, or trying-to-do. They were necessary, and if the penalties had been worse a hundredfold I should not chew the cud of my bargain now. Besides your wish, I had another motive, a secret motive, and perhaps if I were a Catholic I should confess too, although not with a view to penance. Apparently it has come out well, and now that it seems to be all over, both your scheme and mine, now that the wrong I did you is to some extent undone, and my own object is in some measure achieved, I find myself face to face with a position in which it is my duty to you as well as to myself to bring our intercourse to an end.

"As you say, my work is waiting for me. I am in hourly expectation of pressing public business and my time is no longer my own. But I should not be honest, or do justice to my own feelings, if I allowed you to believe that this is the only reason for our separation. There is another ground for it, and I regret that I cannot explain myself as frankly as I could wish to do. My correspondence through the post has never at any time been sacred from official supervision, messages by hand are difficult or impossible at present because of the doubt or distrust of our servants, and therefore for your sake I dare not be explicit.

"The truth is that we cannot be friends any longer, for the reason that I love some one in whom you are unhappily too much interested, and because there are obstacles between that person and myself which are decisive and insurmountable. This alone puts it on me as a point of honor that you and I should never see each other again. Each of my visits adds to my embarrassment, to the feeling that I am doing wrong in making them, and to the certainty that I must remit them altogether.

"Thank you again and again for the more than pleasant hours we have spent together. It is not your fault that I must bury the memory of them in silence and oblivion. This does not mean that it is any part of the painful but unavoidable result of circumstances I cannot explain, that we must not write to each other as occasion may arise. Continue to think of me as your brother—your brother far away—to be called upon for counsel in your hour of need and necessity. And whenever you call, be sure that I shall be there.

"Meantime it has not been without reflection that I have at length compelled myself to say this, or to resist the temptation to go to you at your call, even now when the first objects of my visit are served.

"What you said of an important matter suggests that something has come to your knowledge which concerns myself and the authorities, but when a man has lived all his life on the edge of a precipice the most urgent perils are of little moment, and I beg of you not to be alarmed for my sake. Whatever it is, it is only a part of the atmosphere of danger I have always lived in, the glacier I have always walked upon, and 'if it is not now it is to come, if it is not to come it will be now—the readiness is all.' Good-by! Heaven be over you!

"Yours, dear R——, D."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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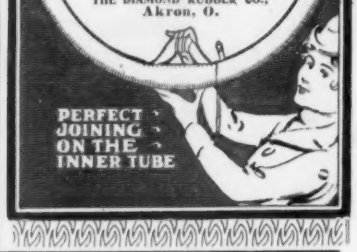

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